H. R. Mitchell

-YORK.

TIMES
YORK.
PAPER,
London.

E. WHITE AND WILLIAM HAGAR, respectfully informs the Printers of the United States, to whom they have long been individually known as established Letter Founders, that they have now formed a co-partnership in that business, and hope from their united skill and extensive experience, to be able to give full satisfaction to all who may favor them with orders.

The introduction of machinery, in place of the tedious and unhealthy process of casting type by hand, long a desideratum by the European and American Founders, was, by American ingenuity, and a heavy expenditure of time and money, on the part of our senior partner, first successfully accomplished. Extensive use of the machine cast letter, has fully tested and established its superiority in every particular, over that cast by the old process.

The Letter Foundery business will hereafter be carried on by the parties before named, under the firm of WHITE, HAGAR & CO.—Their specimen exhibits a complete series, from Diamond to 14 lines Pica. The book and news type being in the most modern light and style.

WHITE, HAGAR & CO. are agents for the sale of the Smith and Rust Printing Presses, which they can furnish to their customers at the manufacturers' prices. Chases, Cases, Composing Sticks, Ink, and every article used in the Printing Business, kept on sale, and furnished on short notice. Old Type taken in exchange for new at 9 cents per pound.

N. B. News-paper Proprietors who give the above three insertions, will be entitled to Five Dollars in such articles as they may select from our specimen.

E. WHITE,
WM. HAGAR.
m 12

Dr. I. Francis,
SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York.

REMOVAL.
JOHN BURDELL, Dentist, has removed his office from 299 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. ☞Entrance in Duane street.

REMOVAL.
DR. S. BAKER & SON Dentists, have removed to 61 Bowery corner of Walker street, entrance in Walker St.

Friendship Tavern,
BY Mrs. Williams, 421-2 Bowery, New York. Harmonic Meetings Tuesday and Saturday evenings.

Fine Pocket Books.
GREAT Assortment, 170 kinds, principally for booksellers, wholesale and retail, by T. BUSSING, Manufacturer, 79 William-street.

N. B. Booksellers and dealers, who desire good articles for retailing, will find it their interest to call and examine the quality and prices of the above. At retail a most beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Steel-trimmed Card Cases, Pocket Books, &c. at very reasonable prices, worthy the attention of those who desire a neat and good article. m 26

Robert N. White,
POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York.

To Printers and Publishers.
THE subscriber's expectations having been more than realized in the sale of his LIGHT FACE PRINTING TYPE, he takes this opportunity of returning thanks for the favours received. He hopes, by the exertions made and now making to bring out new articles, which may be depended upon for service, as well as in Stereotyping & Printing, that his Typographical Brethren, and Publishers, will find it beneficial to themselves to continue their patronage.

A new and complete series of Alphabets, from Agate to English, NEW STYLE, (hair lines rather stouter than any heretofore got up in this country,) are now in a state of forwardness, Agate, Minion, Brevier, and Long Primer, are complete; impressions of which can be seen on application; this style of type is more particularly calculated for Newspaper Printing.

The demand for the subscriber's Type, and Stereotype, has been so extensive, that he has been induced to enlarge his establishment by an additional building—so that he is now prepared to execute the most extensive orders in either line, with much greater facility than heretofore; and on as favourable terms, as to credit, &c. as are offered at similar establishments.

Type which has only been used in stereotyping, most generally on hand, and can be furnished on short notice at a reasonable rate to those who may prefer it.

Every article made use of in the Printing line furnished to order, at manufacturer's prices.
JAMES CONNER.
Franklin Buildings, corner of Nassau & Ann

THE SERAPHINE,
A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, INVENTED BY
CHARLES G. CHRISTMAN,
No. 398 Pearl-Street.

AFTER a long time of uninterrupted perseverance, this extraordinary instrument is introduced to the public in its present very gratifying perfection. The Serephine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, or an Organ in miniature, peculiarly adapted for domestic use; but it is sufficiently powerful for small churches. It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost possible delicacy of diminuendo and cresendo, from the soft sighing of the Æolian harp to the grandeur and majesty of the full choir, in a degree of excellence never yet claimed by any other instrument. Such an instrument, independently of its novelty, cannot fail to be valuable to any performer on the pianoforte or organ.

N. B. At Mr. Christman's Music store may be procured, eight key'd Flutes, Accordians, Pocket and Kent bugles, for which he has been honored with the first premium of the American Institute, also Guitars, Violins, Military and other Instruments; Music, which he has just published for the Guitar; the beautifull song Green Hills of Tyral, as sung by Mrs. Austin in the Opera of Cinderella, with three new Waltzes composed by O. Torpe, and to be continued in numbers.

Strings, and every article appertaining to the Music business.

TEMPLE OF HYGEIA, 495 *Pearl-street, Between Chatham-st. and Broadway.*—Dr. ANDREW.—Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London. Student of the University of Edinburgh, and some years a Medical Officer in different Marine Hospitals, &c. &c.—Where he has had ample opportunity of witnessing the practice of the most experienced of the faculty, together with his own observations during the last twenty years, the greater portion of which has been spent in this quarter of the globe, continues to give his advice for diseases of a *Delicate Nature.* Ulcers, &c. He does not deem it necessary to offend the feelings of modesty by recapitulating (as is too generally the case in public advertisements,) the various forms of these baneful maladies—the meaning of which is too well understood by all concerned to need further explanation. Dr. Andrew warns the public against the *Abuse of Mercurials,* he is convinced by long experience most of the Chronic affections, generally supposed to be the relics of this disease, are merely the effects of a long continued course of *Mercury.*—Thousands have been restored to health, after years of suffering through the misapplication of that *Poisonous Drug,* by conforming to the *plan of Treatment* of Dr. A.—which plan has been founded on the instruction received from the Immortal Abernethy, in London. Recent affections *cured* in a very short time without a grain of *Mercury.* All cases undertaken will be guarranteed to be effectually and permanently healed.

☞Medicine will be sent to any part of the country by persons writing, describing the disease, and enclosing a reasonable fee.

Hygeian Medicines of every denomination, to be had at the Temple Office.

☞*Letters must be post paid.* 11*1

The New-York Mirror,
A Repository of Polite Literature and the Fine Arts, embellished with splendid Engravings on Steel, Copper, and Wood, and with Popular Music for the Pianoforte, Guitar &c.

G. P. MORRIS, T. S. FAY, N. P. WILLIS, Editors.

THE FIRST NUMBER of a *New Year* (Vol. 10.) will be issued on the *seventh day of July next.*

From the commencement of this paper, our humble endeavors have been unceasingly exerted to elevate the character of American Periodical Literature, and we trust we have not been altogether unsuccessful.

Our columns have been, and will continue to be, principally filled with *original* matter.

Besides the writings of the Editors, we are honored with occasional contributions from a list of *nearly two hundred native Authors,* which embraces many of the most distinguished and highly gifted literary men of the land.

In addition to our *Foreign Correspondence,* important sources are open to us for selections.

The flattering and general testimonials of writers, scholars, and cotemporary journals, on both sides of the Atlantic, warrant us in the assertion that there is no work which gives such valuable equivalents for the amount of subscription, or which possess more strong and undeniable claims to the efficient support of the American people.

Its steady and marked improvement, furnishes a satisfactory pledge that its progress, in every department, will continue to keep pace with the increase of its already extensive circulation. We have received the certain and gratifying evidences that it is read and improved by the most intelligent classes throughout the U. States.

ENGRAVINGS.—The Embellishments for the Tenth Volume will be of the most *costly* and *beautiful* kind, consisting of full sized Super-Royal Quarto Plates, executed expressly for the work by the best Artists. Besides the *Vignette,* there will be four superb Engravings issued during the year, which, if published separately, would alone equal the amount of subscription to the Mirror. As a guarantee for the excellence of this department, it has been placed under the direction of Mr. R. W. Weir.

In addition to the above, there will be published a number of finely executed *Engravings on Wood,* also drawn and engraved for the work, and illustrative of curious and interesting subjects.

MUSIC.—Each number of the ensuing Volume will contain a popular piece of *Music,* arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte, Harp, Guitar, &c. At the expiration of the year, these form a valuable collection of *the most choice and rare pieces,* which, although occupying little more than one sixteenth part of the work, could not be purchased in any other way, except at a cost far greater than that of the entire journal.

LITERARY CONTENTS.—Among a variety of other subjects, the work is devoted to Critical Notices of new publications, the Arts and Sciences, Scientific Intelligence, The Fine Arts—Music, Poetry, and Painting, Original Tales and Essays, Foreign Correspondence—First Impressions of Europe, &c. Legends and Reminiscences of old times in New-York, The Literary Genius—satirical, humorous, and pathetic. American Scenery, Biography, Education, Character, Strictures on the Drama and other Amusements, Translations from the German, French, and Spanish, occasional selections from late publications, Record of passing events, Original Miscellany, Anecdotes—historical, literary, humorous, etc. Varieties—etc. etc. etc. In short, every thing which can enhance the value of the paper, and render it agreeable, instructive, and interesting.

By the above enumeration, it will be perceived that the plan of the Mirror embraces every subject within the range of the *fine arts* and the *belles-lettres,* and no expense will be spared to render it equal to any other publication extant.

CONDITIONS.—The Mirror is published every Saturday, at the corner of Nassau and Ann streets. It is elegantly printed in the super-royal quarto form, on fine paper, with brevier and nonpareil type. It is embellished, once every three months, with a *splendid super-royal Engraving,* and every week with a popular piece of music, arranged for the Pianoforte, Harp, Guitar, &c. Fifty-two numbers complete a volume of four hundred and sixteen large pages, for which a beautifully *engraved vignette title-page,* (painted by WEIR and engraved by DURAND,) and a copious *index* are furnished. The terms are *four dollars* per annum, payable, in all cases, *in advance.* It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of the city of N. York. Communications, *post paid,* must be addressed to the Editors. No subscriptions received for a less period than one year.

Subscriptions received by PEABODY & CO. 219 Broadway.

THE MIRROR OF TASTE,
AND
WEDNESDAY MORNING
FAMILY MISCELLANY.

A Literary Paper, devoted to Science, Morality, Natural History, Agriculture, &c. &c. Price $2 per annum, payable in advance.

Francis G. Fish, New-York, } *Agents.*
Andrew Dickinson, do. }

Address, (Post Paid.)
H. DICKINSON & T. A. WORRALL.
Whitehall Printing Office, Philadelphia.

REMOVAL.
THE Subscriber having removed from the Union Coffee House, 13 William street, to the more desirable location of the Washington Coffee House, solicits the continuance and patronage of his former friends and customers, who may rely upon his wonted exertions to give general satisfaction.

The bar is provided with the best of wines and liquors omnifarious. Coffee, Tea, and refreshments to be had at all hours. Wm. HIGG, 25 Nassau St.

S. D. CHILDS,
Engraver on Wood, No. 67 Liberty-street,
NEW-YORK.

WM. MATTHEWS, manufacturer of WALKING CANES, in all its branches, at No. 2 Liberty street.
N. B. Canes mounted on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice. 23tf

Bignall's Prize Office,
111 Broadway.

☞All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 111 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

Commission and Exchange OFFICE,
130 BROADWAY.

S. J. SYLVESTER continues to discount Notes on all the Banks throughout the United States, the Canadas, England and Ireland. He purchases and sells Bank of England Notes, as also Gold and Silver of all kinds. Notes, Drafts, &c. payable in any part of the States or Europe, collected on most reasonable terms. Commission business in all its branches, by
S. J. SYLVESTER.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
No. 35 WALL-STREET,
ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION AND ADVERTISING.

Subscribers paying yearly in ADVANCE,	$3.00
At the expiration of six months,	1.00
At the expiration of the year,	5.00
QUARTERLY in advance, per quarter,	1.00

No Subscriptions received for less than six months. All Orders and Advertisements for this paper, must be accompanied with the cash or a city Reference—postage paid. Gentlemen procuring five subscribers, will be furnished with the paper gratis, or retain a commission of 15 per cent.

YEARLY ADVERTISERS, paper included,	$30.00
Advertisements per square, first insertion,	.75
Do. Do. second do	.50
Do. Do. longer inserted,	.25

Yearly Advertisers are required to pay quarterly in advance.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
35 WALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 16, 1832.

FIRST VOLUME, NUMBER 27.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NEW-YORK.
SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 16, 1832.

ODDS AND ENDS.

From Foreign Publications received at this Office.

In the *Court Gossip* account of the review at Windsor, we read—"Count Orloff and Woronzow wore *a* full Russian *uniform.*" We don't know much of the *habits* of these gentlemen, but we presume it is not *uniform* for Russian Counts to have only one dress between them.

SCRAPS. *Croker's Hostility.* Somebody proposed the Duke's health during his absence from his dinner-table, the other day, in the following terms: "The health of our host." Croker, who was of the party, refused to drink it. "Not drink it!" said Sir H. Hardinge. "No!" said Croker drily; "I consider, to call the Duke our *host,* would be taken by him as an *inn-dignity.*

A nobleman more remarkable for his bulk than symmetry, was pleased the other night at the Opera to point out a celebrated *chef de cuisine* to the notice of another fashionable Peer; when they addressed a few ironical compliments to the Napoleon of the stewpan. "They say you can make a wild duck out of a pair of old boots, and toss up a sauce with which one might swallow one's grand mother. I wonder what you would make of *me?*" "*Ma foi, milor,*" cried the irate cook; "I should like to give your Lordship von good dressing. You make a famous *boeuf a la mode.*"

A Flight of Peers.—The declaration of Lord Tenterden and other *ultra* Lords, that in the event of the Bill passing they will leave the House altogether, has bestowed on them the title of the "Migratory Lords." Surely their Lordships might have before the event, addressed each other as "*My-great-tory.*"—Asmodeus.

Though no one can desire that the Anti-Reformers should be *imitated,* every one will allow that it would be better for the country if they were *taken off.*—Figaro in London.

Premises and Conclusions.—Several of the Peers indulge in rambling speeches, seldom coming to any reasonable conclusion. We really wish that some of them would quit the *premises.*—*Ib.*

Damn-story.—Though few persons wish that the Bill should be *condemned,* every one will be glad to find it *committed.*—*Ib.*

Malibran has taken the name of her husband, and is singing in public as Madame de Beriot. It is singular enough that for some time previous to Mademoiselle Sontag's union with the Comte de Rossi, it was also reported that this accomplished singer was privately married to Beriot—who is the most perfect violinist now living, of the school of Viotti.

A separation has taken place between the widow of an eminent divine (of whose literary remains she became the editor, for the benefit of his children) and her second husband. [Mrs. Heber is the person here alluded to.]

MINOR THEATRES.—Mr. E. L. Bulwer gave notice on Monday, that on Thursday, May 31, he shall move for leave to bring in a bill to allow the free performance of the Drama at the Minor Theatres.

Mr. Galt's new tale entitled "Stanley Buxton," has been pronounced to be equal, in its humorous illustrations of Scotch character, to his "Annals of the Parish," and "Ayrshire Legatees." The incidents, however, which characterise "Stanley Buxton" take a wider range than the former works of the author, and develope the history of a young man, educated as a peer of England, but thrown by a singular train of circumstances on his wits for subsistence. London is the chief scene of the story, and the reader is made acquainted with the trials and sufferings through which a person must go, who, without friends, has to seek his fortune in the metropolis. The peculiar genius of Mr. Galt harmonizes admirably with the stern reality of the subject.

Why is P in the alphabet like the most cruel Roman? Because it's *near-O.*

Heavy Rambottom, the other evening, told Praed, at Bellamy's, that a short time since "he met with a decided case of Cholera in a Windsor coach." "Oh! I don't doubt it," said P. "if you say you saw him in the *blue stage.*"

Why is a lady while decorating her fingers, in distress? Because she's *wringing* her hands.

Why is this piece of money called a *sovereign?* asked Count Orloff, on viewing one of our 20s. pieces. "Because it comprises four *crowns,*" replied Palmerston.

When are Tommy Moore's moments of inspiration? When he is in a state of nudity, (*new ditty.*)

An auctioneer's lady produced her spouse twins, very like each other. Not knowing exactly what to call the small *lot,* he thought of christening one "*Ibid,*" and the other "*ditto,*" from his catalogue.

If Ned Thynne stood a dinner for six at the Garrick, and got drunk, why would he be like a Catholic ceremony? Because you might call it the elevation of the Host."

Why is a madman in a lucid interval like an Irish earl? Because he's *done raving?* (Dunraven.)

A GRAVE JOKE.—An Irish member whom we sometimes make honorable mention of, was crossing the county of Kent the other day, on a stage-coach, when they encountered a hearse driving very fast. "Where the deuce can that be going so fast?" asked a passenger. "Oh!" said the member, "it is going at a very *grave* pace, from *Canterbury* to *Gravesend,* I'll *undertake* to say."

Mr. James Smith, on hearing that a case of cholera morbus had made its appearance in the King's Bench, expressed himself highly delighted that the disease had been arrested at last.

King Edgar is said to have cleared England of wolves; Edward I. of the Jews; Henry VIII. of monks; and William IV. of DANDIES.

BEAR-CATCHING.—The inhabitants of the mountainous parts of Siberia fasten a very heavy block to a rope that terminates at the other end with a loop. This is laid near a steep precipice, in the path in which the bear is accustomed to go. On getting his neck into the noose and finding himself impeded by the log, he takes it up in a rage, and, to free himself from it, throws it down the precipice; it naturally pulls the bear after it, and he is killed by the fall. Should this, however, accidentally not prove the case, he drags the block with increasing fury, till he either sinks exhausted to the ground or ends his life by a decisive plunge.—Cabinet of Arts.

POLITENESS IN PARADISE.

When first the manly heart of Adam felt
The power of beauty, it began to melt,
And, gazing on his rib, he falter'd "Madam,
I am your very obedient servant, Adam."

It is stated that Messrs. Rundell & Co. have now on sale a diamond necklace and ear-rings, the price of which is only 95,000 guineas.

GAMBLING.—The hells have had a devil of a run upon them lately—even old Crocky says, "there never vas sich times." Tullamore has carried off a few cool hundreds during the week, and Count D'Orsay threw six mains consecutively on Thursday night last, winning a good five thousand of the old fishmonger. At Hertford-House they have plenty of play, but all on the wrong side for the bankers. Lord Portarlington won six thousand on Thursday, from the Jew's bank in St James-street; and would have doubled the sum, but they limited the *Bonds.*

IRVING'S WORKS.—"A cotemporary print alludes to the great sale of the Waverly Novels, and of Lord Byron's Works, as being almost unprecedented. Two or three other publications, however, might be mentioned which have equalled, if not surpassed them, in point of number. As a single instance, we might mention Washington Irving's Sketch Book—of which we have the best authority for believing that not less than 25,000 copies have been sold up to the present time, and we believe the new Sketch Book, which is forthcoming from the same author, the publishers calculate, allowing for the altered state of the times, on a sale of not less than 20,000."—*Globe.*

AN AUTHOR'S CONFESSION.—One may think, on reading over this memoir, that I must have worn out a life of misery and wretchedness; but the case has been quite the reverse. I never knew man or woman who has been so uniformly happy as I have been; which has been partly owing to a good constitution, and partly from the conviction, that a heavenly gift, conferring the powers of immortal song, was inherent in my soul. Indeed, so uniformly smooth and happy has my married life been, that, on a retrospect, I cannot distinguish one part from another, save by some remarkably good days of fishing, shooting, and curling on the ice. Those who desire to peruse my youthful love adventures, will find some of the best of them in those of "George Cochrane," in the following tales.—*Hogg's Autobiography.*

THE BOARWOLF.

A GERMAN TALE.

In that mountainous region of Germany called the Bergstrasse, which lies along the banks of the Rhine it was formerly the custom for the young men, when they came to a certain age, to enrol themselves in a company of hunters, for the express purpose of pursuing and destroying wolves; for which reason the band was called the wolf-slaughterers. Indeed, that part of the country is so craggy, so full of caverns, and so crowded with woods that it is the place in the world most fitted for the harbor of wild beasts, and, accordingly, there were in former times a vast number to be found there; so many, in fact, that had not the wolf-slaughterers been very active, during young men, it would have been almost impossible to have resided there; and it was only by their exertions that the villagers of Fiendenheim were able to preserve any cattle.

Many ages ago, and long before the invention of fire-arms, there were at the head of this band two young men, who were particularly successful in their attempts against the wolves. They were both strong, fearless, and well skilled in the use of their weapons, and they were considered as chiefs of the troop, because each had destroyed more wild beasts with his own hands than any other two belonging to it, although, between themselves, the number was equal; for if Hendrick (so one was called) at any time had the advantage, Wolfgang (the other) never desisted from the chase till he had brought home the head of a wolf, to reduce their conquests to the same level. This rivalry was, however, not the occasion of any enmity between these young men; for, as they had been brought up from children together, they were accustomed to strive for the same prizes, and engage in the same undertakings, so that they were always most pleased when both succeeded in the same degree. Indeed it is said that when one had the superiority, he always relaxed his exertions till the other came up with him, and that they retained this habit in the chase: for Wolfgang had been known, after he had killed one beast, to miss the next purposely, that Hendrick might strike it; and Hendrick had done the same when fortune was on his side. Another reason why there was no quarrel between them, perhaps, was that they were both equally handsome. Not that they were alike in feature, though they were of the same height; for Wolfgang's beauty had a boldness in it which Hendrick's wanted; but then Hendrick's countenance was calm and interesting; and as their tempers agreed with their persons, each thought his own exterior the best, so that envy did not threaten to render their friendship of short duration. There is, however, always some stumbling-block in the way of perfect happiness, and this the friends met with.

It chanced, one evening, whilst returning by themselves from the chase, bearing on the points of their spears the heads of two wolves, which they had just slaughtered, that they passed through a deep narrow glen, leading between high rocky banks, from the clefts of which grew out birch and mountain ash trees, in such numbers as to overshadow their path, and give a wild gloom to the space beneath. They had not reached half way, when they heard a loud growl, and looking carefully round, espied a hideous monster, partly concealed amongst tall stones and low bushes.—Wolfgang cried out "a boar! a boar!" and Hendrick exclaimed "a wolf! a wolf!" both preparing instantly to attack it. But the brute, which was employed in devouring its prey, after displaying a frightful pair of jaws, and making show of resistance, turned its tail, and fled through the underwood, hidden from their view, till it reached the mouth of the ravine, when springing suddenly out, it escaped into the more open country. The huntsmen, however, knowing that it must choose to fly through the gorge of the pass or remain in the dell, had hurried that way, and were close at its heels when it darted from the thicket. This gave them hopes, and giving full rein to their horses, they pursued it over a wide piece of heathy waste. They had now a good opportunity for ascertaining the nature of the animal they followed; but, notwithstanding their skill in the chase, they were unable to decide what kind of beast it was; for though it had the straight back, bushy tail, and long gallop of a wolf, still it had the thick, bristly, and snouted head of a boar, and its feet were not similar to those of any animal they had seen. They therefore supposed it might be some mongrel brute, or one of the wild beasts brought from Syria, which had broken loose from the menagerie of the Archbishop of Mentz. But be it what it might, they pushed after it with the greatest resolution, because when they had started it from its lurking place they perceived that it had been tearing in pieces the body of a child.

The direction which the monster took led them across a small stream that divided their district from the neighboring one, and brought them at last into a place dangerous for horsemen, and difficult for the pursuit of game. It was an extensive level, reaching from the rivulet to a distant range of hills, and would have been a plain had it not been covered with huge masses of detached rock, scattered about it, as if a large mountain had been dashed to pieces and strewed over its surface. Many of the fragments were so large that they resembled small cliffs, and from their tops and sides grew out and hung down trees and shrubs of every description. Several lay as if fallen against each other, so as to leave caverns and arches between their sides, and the red glare of the sun, setting behind the hills, gleamed through these openings in a wild and beautiful manner. Other pieces were small and plentiful, lying in heaps as well as separately amongst the larger masses; so that, though there were many roads and passages between these rocks, still they were rendered unsafe for horses by these lesser stones.

The hunters had scarcely entered this region before they lost sight of their game; but, hoping to regain the scent, they dashed forward amongst the pathways, and after a short time saw the brute turning round a corner. This tempted them still further, till, after bewildering themselves amidst the intricacies of this desert, they gave over the pursuit, having ceased for some time to see the monster, and, indeed, it was growing so dark, that they would not have been long able to view it had it been before them.

They now thought of returning home to Fiendenheim, and turned their horses the way contrary to that which they had come, and, as they rode along, wondering what kind of beast they had chased, they found that their exertion had both fatigued them and made them excessively thirsty. Accordingly, they resolved to take a full draught from the stream when they reached it, and agreed to ask permission of the Lord of the domain to bring their whole troop on the following day, to give full pursuit to so dangerous a monster. They were talking about the dogs and weapons they would bring with them, when they caught a glimpse of a light at a short distance, and wishing to obtain, if possible, something better than a draught of water, to quench their thirst, they made towards it, and arrived at the door of a residence, half cottage and half cavern, which stood under the side of one of the largest masses of rock; and they recollected that this place was the habitation of a hermit, a recluse so austere that he hardly ever suffered himself to be seen by any body.

They knocked at the door, however, and it was opened, not by an old man, with a white beard, as they expected, but by a beautiful girl, of about sixteen, whose face and figure far excelled those of all the daughters of their native hamlet, and, in truth, of any other place they knew. She blushed at first, and seemed inclined to close the door again, but Wolfgang asked, in a tone of compliment, that she would give him a draught of milk, and Hendrick seconded him, with such gentle supplication, that she felt almost compelled to speak; and, then, not liking to refuse so small a request, she brought out a large jug, not of milk but of true Rhenish wine, which she poured out into horns, and offered to each of the huntsmen. They accepted her gift with many thanks, which she received with smiles; and, by way of prolonging the conversation, they inquired whether she had seen or heard of any strange beast near her habitation. She replied, that, within the few last days, her father had told her that he had seen an animal that he had never seen before, and had bidden her be careful that she was not surprised, for it was very ferocious, and had carried off the child of one of the inhabitants of the village of Griffhousen. She then invited them to alight, saying that perhaps her parent could tell them more concerning it.

The young men were both so fascinated with this beauty that they would willingly have spent some hours in gazing at and conversing with her; but, for some reason or other, they obstinately refused, although she pressed them to enter the cottage. After a little more conversation, they wished them good night; and, though they both intended to see her again, neither of them mentioned a word of his intention, either to her or to his companion. Indeed, from that moment they became so desperately jealous of each other (which was the reason why they would not stop that night, each looking upon the other as a rival) that they scarcely spoke all the way back to Fiendenheim; and the next day, instead of summoning the troop to give the beast chase, each rode separately in search of the cottage, where they met, and quarrelled for the first time; and so bitter was their enmity afterwards that it would have been a pleasure to either of them to have run the other through with a boar-spear.

Meantime the wild monster committed great ravages throughout the surrounding country, and it became unsafe for men unarmed and women and children to pass from one village to the other, so that there was a general alarm spread round about for a great distance. The wolf hunters made many attempts to destroy it, but in vain; for, though it did not keep out of the way by day, yet it was so swift, and so artful in eluding pursuit, that all their endeavors were fruitless. Even Wolfgang and Hendrick could gain no advantage over their companions, except getting a little closer to the beast than the rest. At length, the lords of three villages which this animal infested, fancying that there might be some want of energy in the attempts to destroy it, or perhaps a little fear, offered a reward of a piece of land to the man who should produce its head, "to belong to him and his heirs for ever," besides the privilege of choosing the fairest maiden within their domains as a wife, to whom they also promised a portion.

This offer produced a great commotion among the young men of the three villages, as well as among the maidens; all of them being anxious to obtain the reward; but upon Wolfgang and Hendrick it had a very strong effect. Since first beholding the young beauty among the rocks, they had both striven to gain her as a wife, but, though she gave them equal audience, she declared positively in favor of neither of them. But when the reward was offered for the head of the beast, she said that she would willingly give her hand to the huntsman who should obtain it. Thus, besides the hope of obtaining the reward and the beauty, there was the fear that another should gain her, and Wolfgang said that he would rather the beast should tear him to pieces than that Hendrick should become possessed of her, and Hendrick said much the same of Wolfgang. Nevertheless the monster continued his ravages, though all the country was in arms against him, and it was at length reported that Count Albert of Fiendenheim was going to invite all the knights and warriors of his acquaintance to come and make a grand attempt to rid his lands of such a scourge.

When it came to be known that Wolfgang and Hendrick had quarrelled, the inhabitants of their village were anxious to know the cause of disagreement between two such strict friends, and they soon found it out. But when the young men of Fiendenheim had seen the damsel, they said they could find nothing in her so very lovely that there were many girls in their own hamlet far superior to her, and, in fact, that she was more disagreeable than pleasing. On the other hand, the two huntsmen had told their sisters that there could not be a greater beauty among women, that her countenance was delightfully fascinating; her eyes of the most brilliant black, her lips glowing coral, her nose finely formed, her complexion radiant with health, and her curling tresses of the loveliest auburn. This, of course, tempted many of the young women to make an opportunity of seeing her, and they agreed with the young men that she was any thing but agreeable. They found her features sharp and vixen like, her eyes too small, and glowing more like live coals than diamonds, her nose hooked, her complexion of a peculiar sallow, and her locks elfish, snake like, and of a fiery red color. Her shape, which they had been told was exquisite, they thought too flimsy, and her dress was so gaudy and scanty that they agreed she resembled one of the lost girls who wandered about the streets of Mentz to tempt young men to their ruin more than a modest inhabitant of the district of Brockencragg; and, in fine, they all agreed that she had infused some philtre into the wine she had given to Hendrick and Wolfgang, and thereby deprived them of the right use of their senses and understanding. But what displeased them more than any thing else was that she refused to tell from whence she came, or whether father was, nor would she listen to any inquiries about her family, saying that those who liked her need not know her friends, and that those who disliked her should not.

Wolfgang, as I have already said, was of a temper somewhat impatient, and when he heard that Count Albert purposed calling his friends to assist him, fearing he should lose an opportunity of at once acquiring the beauty, he mounted his horse, and set out on the chase, swearing he would never return without the head of the monster; and, accordingly, he tried every art he was acquainted with to surprise it unawares, for when it was conscious of being pursued nobody had any chance of coming up with it. All his address and toil, through the heat of the day, was, however, of no avail to him. Twenty times had he been on the point of plunging his short sword between its ribs, and as often had it slipped aside and disappointed him. At last, towards evening, when all the rest similarly engaged had given up the chase, he fancied that the animal appeared lame and exhausted with fatigue. Although he was scarcely otherwise himself, this idea dissipated all his weariness, and, hoping that he might now run it down, he borrowed a fresh horse from the nearest house, and returning to where it lay hid in the [illegible] same plain over which he had first pursued it, in company with Hendrick. He had now no doubt that it was maimed, for it ran with a limping gait, and with less speed than before. However, it managed to keep him at too great a distance behind to wound it, and, taking the same course it had formerly done, it led him across the boundary stream, and amongst those wildly scattered crags where it had once escaped before. But as Wolfgang had now more advantage than at that time, both in the freshness of his horse and in the knowledge of the road, which he had acquired by visiting the cottage, he was able to keep the boarwolf (for so the monster was called by the peasantry) in sight.

The red glare of the setting sun was now again gleaming through the uncouth archways and along the narrow passes of the rocks, as the impatient huntsman followed the brute into the centre of the level. Here, entering upon a small sandy space, scattered over with fragments of stone and dead wood, Wolfgang lost sight of the animal, for, as it had reached the plain before him, he could not decide the way it had taken. His temper, which had long been giving way during the pursuit, now totally forsook him, and throwing himself from his horse, he rolled upon the sand, cursing and blaspheming every thing that came in his mind. He lay thus employed at last, with his face towards the ground, when, fancying that he felt a strange gust of heat pass over him, he turned his head, and beheld the figure of a being somewhat human, but more resembling a devil. It had horns and a tail; its horns curled round its ears, and its tail was short and turned up like a hook. It was hairy all over, and its feet ended in hoofs like those of a hog.

Wolfgang was in too great a rage to tremble.

"Wolfgang," said the being, "if you will give me power over you for four and twenty hours, you shall cut off the head of the boarwolf."

"I agree," said the huntsman, without stopping one moment to consider.

"Then kiss my hand, in token of obedience," said the stranger.

Wolfgang kissed the hand held out to him, and whilst he started back, for the touch of the being burnt his lips, it vanished, saying, "Chase the boarwolf to-morrow."

The huntsman now remounted his horse, and, without allowing himself to think of what he had done, he hastened to the cottage of the beauty, with whom he staid conversing till day-light; for both she and her father treated him as if they could not treat him too well.

At day-break he saddled his steed and set off to dislodge the boarwolf from its lurking-place, impatient both to make sure of the rewards and to return home, for, as he had vowed not to go back without the head, so he had kept his word.

When Wolfgang reached the glen, where he expected to meet the boarwolf, he found Hendrick there with some companions, who had risen early that morning to try the powers of two large dogs, which they had procured from a great distance. These were blood-hounds of a fine breed, and were now engaged by Hendrick because all the other dogs that had been employed in the chase of this monster refused to follow it, being so terrified that, whenever they were put upon the scent, they howled and slunk away in fear.—Wolfgang, elated with the kindness so lately shown him by the beauty and her father, and relying on the promise that he should cut off the head of the boarwolf, could not refrain from uttering a loud laugh of contempt, when he saw the pains taken by his former friend and his associates. He even bid him, with a sneer, go home and look out for a wife, for he meant to marry the beauty that night himself. Hendrick was too intent on endeavoring to get scent of the wild beast to reply to these insults, and having ascertained that it was not in the dell, he hurried over the hills in search of it; and his rival, notwithstanding his security, not being willing that he should first start the game, set off to another spot, where he once or twice had met the animal.

About an hour after this Wolfgang unearthed the boarwolf. It sprung from beneath the root of an old withered yew tree, which grew over a low dark cave in the side of a bank, just as the sun rose brilliantly from behind some opposite hills; and when the ferocious brute opened its jaws to utter a hideous roar, its long tusks gleamed in the morning rays, and the white foam spirted from its mouth like flakes of snow, while its bristly hide seemed to glitter in the light as if throwing out sparks of fire. The eager huntsman rushed forward after it, eyeing with joy the ghastly grinning head, which he expected soon to sever from its huge, ill fashioned carcass, and which was to form the foundation of his fortune, and the pledge of his union with his mistress. He forgot that Hendrick was also in the field with his friends and their unerring dogs, or, if he thought of him, it was only to enjoy the anticipated mortification of his former friend, when he returned to the village, bearing with him the spoil for which they both thirsted so ardently.

The boarwolf, however, as if conscious that its existence was to terminate that day, seemed resolved to exercise the strength and perseverance of its pursuer. It took wider and more intricate circuits than it had ever done before, it turned more frequently to bay, and almost appeared to enjoy the eager onsets which the huntsman made to overcome it; but the horse of Wolfgang could only be brought to ride at it by the most strenuous endeavors of its master, exhibiting such evident marks of dismay at its glaring eye balls and erected bristles that he could scarcely keep its head towards it; and when he offered to dismount, for the purpose of attacking it with his sword, the monster took the opportunity of making off at full speed.

In this manner the chase continued till long past noon, by which time Wolfgang had become so faint with hunger and exhaustion that he could scarcely keep his seat; for he had been extremely fatigued the day before, and had not closed his eyes during the night, having been too much engaged with his mistress to think of sleep. Besides, he had scarcely tasted food since the morning of the day before, for he took nothing but wine at the hermitage, and this day he would not stop one moment to assuage his hunger at the cottages of his acquaintances, near which he passed, lest the boarwolf should escape, or have time to renew his strength by rest. However, he recollected that his mistress, when she heard that he intended to renew the chase early in the morning, had given him a small cake, which she had prepared during his stay, for she said that she was certain his eagerness would not allow him to think of refreshment, and that her gift would quell his appetite and support his strength till he had slain the monster. Upon this he drew the loaf from his pocket and ate it, with many mental thanks for the kind attention of the giver, and he felt his desire to slaughter the boarwolf increase with his wish to obtain the hand of so amiable a girl. As she had said, so the cake, though small, satisfied his hunger, and renewed his spirits, or rather, made them more buoyant than before. Indeed, so much did he feel elated that he spurred on his horse as if just set off in the pursuit, and the monster was obliged to fly more quickly than it had ever done. But the weather, which had hitherto been brilliant and unclouded, now suddenly altered; large masses of dark clouds rolled up from behind the distant mountains, the wind rose and swept along the edges of the woods with violence, full drops of rain fell at intervals, and the distant waters of the river were heard rushing along their rocky bed. Wolfgang was too much accustomed to the field not to know that these signs presaged a storm; but his ardor would not permit any idea of relinquishing the pursuit to enter his mind; besides, he fancied these signs were but preludes to the death of the boarwolf, and he gazed at it with exultation as, for the third time that day, it hurried through the dell where he and Hendrick had first discovered it. His spirits, now high, and free from fatigue, bore him along with a feeling of triumph, and though the wind shook the branches of the trees over his head, and sighed in the most threatening manner, he paid no attention to the impending tempest.

At length, as he once more spurred along to the rocky level, the clouds burst above him, and a deluge of rain and hail surrounded him instantaneously; he seemed almost as if inclosed in a moving mass of water, and as the drops struck against the ground they broke into a fine mist, which rose up on the wind like a second shower, or as if the earth were heated and was being quenched by the rain, while large hail-stones flew and danced about in every direction, causing his horse to start repeatedly.

So thick and heavy was the shower that Wolfgang lost sight of the boarwolf for a short time, though it still kept at the same distance before him. But an unusual darkness now began to add to the horrors of the storm, not like the approach of night, but a deep gloom, as if the sun were losing its light. Thunder burst in loud peals amongst the hills, and flashes of lightning at times shot along before him. Yet all these combined terrors had no effect on the mind of the huntsman; at least he laughed at them with the feelings of a man intoxicated, for the few mouthfuls he had taken had produced a state of idea almost similar to the effect caused by liquor, without impeding his capability of bodily action. A hundred times he blessed the providence of the beauty, in providing against his fatigue, and he heard the swollen waters of the boundary-stream, foam amidst the stony windings of its channel without one impression of fear or suggestion of prudence.

The boarwolf chose the widest whirlpool over which to leap, and Wolfgang sprung boldly over the boiling vortex. He heeded not the laboring breath and staggering limbs of his courser, but spurred him violently as he entered the district of Brockencragg, along the path which led to the hermitage, for in that direction the monster proceeded before him.

The storm raged with peculiar fury in that wild and desolate region. The wind roared hideously, as it rushed along the numerous passages amongst the rocks, and the summits of the tall trees that grew upon them were bent below the crevices in which their roots found nourishment. Twice did Wolfgang escape the fall of trunks which were torn with harsh crashes from their beds, and many times was he nearly struck from his saddle by pieces of stone, broken from the margin of cliffs by the lightning, which now darted closely around him. But his spirit and his persuasion that the head of the monster would soon become his spoil were unabated and unalloyed, till, just as he was approaching the cottage of his mistress the boarwolf uttered a tremendous yell, which was answered by the distant bay of dogs. "That fiend Hendrick!" muttered Wolfgang, as the idea that his hated rival might rush in between him and his reward glanced across his mind. He spurred on his steed more unmercifully than before, and was in an instant close by the hermitage. The beauty, as if fearless of wild beasts, of lightning, or of thunder, stood at the door, waving her hand in encouragement to her lover, and he thought she seemed to enjoy the flashes of fire that glanced along before her; her face was bright, her eyes shone, and her hair floated in the wind. He heard her say, "Do you hear Hendrick?" and in a moment was out of her sight and hearing, for, having turned a corner, the brute led him directly to the centre of the level. All the fury of the storm seemed likewise to tend that way, for the violence of the wind, rain and hail behind him was almost intolerable. His horse rushed along as if borne by a rapid stream, striving more to keep itself steady than to maintain its speed; the lightning flashed round every crag, and the thunder seemed rolling along upon the earth, and jarring at every instant with the scattered fragments of rock.

Even these, he fancied, tottered as he passed them and shook their crumbling edges on his head; tittering and grinning whispers seemed to mock his ears as he listened to the deep mouthings of Hendrick's blood-hounds; and the boarwolf growled and tore up the earth as it fled before him. However, he gained upon it, and, only intent upon the accomplishment of his wishes, drew forth his short sword to make a desperate attack, for he perceived by its agitation and furious howls that it would soon turn to bay. He was close at its heels as it entered upon the sandy space in the centre of the level, and at the instant the monster turned and offered resistance his horse fell dead close beside it. The boarwolf sprung upon Wolfgang, and ripped up his thigh with its tusk; but the huntsman, though writhing with pain, struck a tremendous blow at its brawny neck, which cleft the spine, and the head hung from its shoulders. Another blow severed it completely; but at that instant a dense smoke, mingled with flame, issued from the carcass, and the boarwolf was changed into that fiendlike being whom the huntsman had seen in the same place on the day before.

"Wolfgang!" it exclaimed to the terrified hunter, "thou hast cut off the head of the boarwolf; for twenty-four hours thou art mine—Aye, and for ever!—Be thou now a boarwolf!"

"Not now!" cried Wolfgang, gasping with horror at the thought. "Hendrick is coming, he will slay me!"

"I mean it," replied the demon, laughing ferociously, "I brought him here; his dogs are mine—see he comes!"

Wolfgang turned his head and saw Hendrick rushing towards him; he felt his figure change, his hands became feet, his head grew large and bristly, he sunk down towards the earth, and stood like a four footed brute, but bewildered and unable either to fly or resist. The most bitter feelings of terror and despair overwhelmed his faculties. He sprung into the air, and attempted to scream with rage, but he only uttered a harsh, hoarse roar, like a boarwolf. It was answered by Hendrick, who at that moment fixed his eye upon him, with a wild shout of joy; his friends also shouted, and the blood-hounds, giving a tremendous yell, sprung upon him and held him firmly with their teeth. Hendrick leaped from his horse and raised his sword, and while Wolfgang vainly strove to exclaim "Spare me, Hendrick! spare me!" his rival and former friend smote off his head at a blow. His spirit fled with a groan, a dreadful clap of thunder shook the earth, a flash of lightning enveloped the group, and scathed the bleeding body of the huntsman; but Hendrick nevertheless lifted up the head, and with his companions gave three victorious shouts; he then thrust the point of his spear into the neck, and, remounting his horse, rode away from the plain with his associates, bearing before him, unconsciously, the head of his once dearest friend.

They made their way directly to Fiendenheim, and were received joyfully by the villagers, who ran to inform Count Albert. The lord received the spoil in form, admiring its ghastly look, and directed his seneschal to make out the deed of gift, of four acres of land, to Hendrick the wolf-slayer, to him and his heirs forever. He then bade the fortunate huntsman choose the maiden he liked best for his bride, and bring her to him on the following morning, as he intended to bestow upon her a marriage portion.

Hendrick, notwithstanding the fatigue he had undergone since day break, could not resist the pleasure of communicating his success to the beauty, and of claiming her promise. He therefore quitted Fiendenheim, and took the direction of the Brockencragg level, with almost as much speed as if engaged in another chase. The weather was now calm and serene, the wind had subsided, not a drop of rain fell from the unclouded sky, and a pure and beautiful evening had succeeded to the tempestuous afternoon: nor would it have been suspected that such a storm had so recently occurred, had not the swollen streams that rushed amongst the rocks and over the pathways been unusually large, and their waters turbid and loaded with fragments of branches and the spoils of their banks.

By the time the eager lover arrived within sight of the cottage of his mistress the first stars of evening had appeared, and a gentle gloom had fallen on all the surrounding objects. A calm stillness was spread over the vast desert of shattered rocks, only interrupted by the croak of the raven which sat among the overhanging trees, or by the shriek of the owl which floated forth from the recesses amongst the cliff. But of a sudden, as Hendrick spurred his horse up to the door of the hermitage, a strange wild shout of mirth burst from within the dwelling, composed of sounds and voices he had never heard before. The chimney too smoked violently, and a bright gleam of light shot from the casement across the pathway, and small rays issued from beneath the eaves and crevices in the walls.

Impatient and alarmed, Hendrick, with a lover's privilege, hastily opened the door and entered; but what was his amazement to find himself in the midst of a company of beings of the most appalling description. There sat in the old chair, which the beauty's father was wont to occupy, the same fiend who had tempted Wolfgang to his destruction. Before him, in the midst of the floor, was a large fire, blazing up to the ceiling in blue flames, mingled with green and yellow. Around this danced a circle of devils, of all figures and sizes, throwing themselves into the most distorted attitudes, and shrieking at alternate intervals.—There lay on the floor a human carcass, the head of which was concealed by a black veil, and the old fiend had his feet placed upon it, while his hoofs, now lengthened into claws, penetrated the flesh; and when the demon contracted his talons, the body gave convulsive throes, and dashed its limbs about to the great diversion of the assembly.

Hendrick stood and stared aghast at this sight for a crowd of fears and suspicions overwhelmed his soul. He looked around for the beauty and her father, but in vain; till at length a tall slender fiend sprung from the circle towards him, and seizing his hand in her burning grasp, drew him forward, saying, "Why, Hendrick, my betrothed, do you not know your bride?"

Hendrick gazed upon her, and saw in her sharpened features, parchment skin, and glowing eyes, some appearance of the girl who had been the sole object of his and Wolfgang's love; but with a shuddering start he endeavored to free himself from her grasp. She, however, held him tightly, and drawing him to the other circle, another fiend caught him by the hand, in the same manner, and he was thus forced to dance round the fire, as one of the group, while the demons grinned with at him fearful and malicious joy.

Although the heart of Hendrick sunk within him, at the hideous figures and grimaces of his companions, his senses still remained collected, and his thoughts were bent on finding some method of escaping from this detestable spot. His love and hopes were converted into the utmost disgust and dread, and his eyes wandered from side to side, to avoid the diabolical leers, and hellish mockery of the fiend, who pretended to be his bride. She, however, seemed not to regard his hatred, but telling her crew that she was impatient for the commencement of his nuptials, stopped opposite to the frightful demon who sat in the chair.

"Father," said she, "this is my bridegroom, he wishes you to unite us for ever."

"Have you the ring?" said the old fiend, in a harsh and hollow voice.

"This is the one he gave me," said the pretended bride, holding forth one which Hendrick knew he had presented to her, some days before.

"Is he willing to bind himself to you and yours?" said the presiding devil of this infernal ceremony.

"You shall hear him promise," answered the bride. "Speak, Hendrick, love, speak," continued she to the astounded huntsman, whose hair now stood on end, and whose limbs quaked beneath him, whilst the sweat stood cold upon his brow, although the room felt like a furnace.

"If he will not speak, let him kneel and do homage," exclaimed Satan.

At this the fiends on either side of the terrified hunter, strove to pull him down; but Hendrick, aware that by that prostration he should yield up his soul to the powers of darkness, resisted with his utmost strength, while he groaned loudly and wrestled with the demons.

"Show him, then," cried the arch-demon, stamping with passion, "show him what he shall become, unless he obeys. Let him see! let him see!—up, Wolfgang, up!" continued he, shouting hideously. Upon this the corpse that lay at the foot of the chair started from the floor, and as the black cloth fell from its head, Hendrick recognised the pale and bloody corse of his friend Wolfgang. The head was resting on the shoulders, but there was a deep red gash round the neck, as if it had been divided.

"Dost thou know him? cried the fiend bride, as she saw her lover tremble involuntarily.

"Yes, he knows him," cried the old demon, "and shall be like him, unless he joins in the chase." He then vociferated, "the boarwolf! the boarwolf!" and the body of Wolfgang was changed into the resemblance of that monster, and began to run round the cottage, while all the imps and demons, uttering tremendous yells, pursued it, darting fire from their nostrils, and piercing the howling brute with their burning claws. Hendrick's two companions endeavored to pull him forward after the rest, and the principal fiend exclaimed, "Force him! tear him! drag him! drag him!" but the huntsman's feelings were wound up to a pitch of horror, and struggling violently, he exclaimed, "God and St. Hubert protect me!" The fiends instantly screamed, and let him go, and he sprung through the [illegible] only way to escape, and out at the door. In an instant he was on his horse, and in good time, for the whole legion of devils poured out of the cottage, with the boarwolf at their head.

Hendrick dashed his spurs into the sides of his horse and fled, and the frightful crew followed, filling the air with their vociferations. At every instant one or other of the demons seemed on the point of pulling him from his horse; they snatched at him, at his arms, at his neck, at his legs, and at his long flying dress, that floated on the air behind him. They called on him to stop; his bride offered to throw her arms round him, she shrieked in his ears, and blew fire from her mouth, she cursed and reviled him. But the huntsman still fled, and called on the saints to assist him, till reaching the boundary stream, he leaped his horse over its rapid current, and found himself free from his hateful persecutors. Nevertheless he checked not his bridle, but kept on his way till he reached the village of Fiendenheim, where he rushed in dismay up to a crowd of the inhabitants.

The men of Fiendenheim shouted when they saw the successful huntsman, who had ridden forth in the anticipation of happiness, return so terrified, and the women screamed as they gazed at the man and horse, black with smoke, and dripping with perspiration. "Is this the bridegroom?" cried they. "Where is the bride?" Hendrick, for a long time could not speak; at length, after drinking a deep and long draught to clear his throat, he told what he had seen. All the hamlet was in agitation. They ran to the castle of Count Albert, and clamored to see the head of the boarwolf. The warder called for torches, and led the way into an inner court; but instead of the grim visage of the rapacious monster, they beheld the pale and withered features of Wolfgang the huntsman, slowly dropping gore, as it stood on the end of a pike. Hendrick fainted, and lay long in a trance, and when he did recover he retired into the monastery of St. Hubert, where he shortly died.

Ages have passed away since this event is said to have occurred, and generation after generation has sunk into the tomb, but the tradition survives, and the peasant of the Bergstrasse, when he hears the howls of the wolf, redoubled and prolonged by the echoes of his mountains, starts with horror, and recollects the fate of Wolfgang the hunter; and it is still asserted, that, on the anniversary of the fatal night, when he was slain, the boarwolf is seen to run, yelling amid the hills pursued by the demons to whom he so unhappily bound himself.

GENERAL WOLF.—The General was well known to my mother when quartered at Winchester; he was a favorite and dancing partner of hers, a good dancer, and very fond of that amusement—he was well made, and most particularly upright in his carriage—so much so that it was said of him, that, when dressed, he never saw his shoe-buckles; his hair was red, curled so much in the neck that he was obliged to drill it into a queu, or what is vulgarly called a pigtail, by the means of a bit of whalebone. He was much beloved by his men, and affable to a degree with them; he was also on very companionable terms with his brother officers, and sung a good song—witness that one of his own composing, "How stands this glass around?" and another called "The Men of Kent," of which county he was, and was very proud of calling himself "a man of Kent, not a Kentish man."—BASIL HALL.

Sergeant Hill, of eccentric memory, was once invited to spend some days in the country with lord Erskine. His wife, who knew his characteristic negligence, advised him (inter alia) to put on a clean shirt every morning. "For this purpose," said she, "I have packed up six, which will, I have no doubt, last you during your visit." On the sergeant's return, his wife remarked how stout he had grown, adding, at the same time, a hope, that he had complied with her request about the shirts. Her husband assured her that he had; but what was her astonishment on finding that, with his customary absence of mind, he had actually put on one over the other and was, at that moment, perspiring under the influence of no less than six.

MR. D. J. BROWNE, the naturalist, has recently commenced a tour to the West, for scientific observation, to which he intends to devote several months.—B. Transcript.

SPIRIT OF TIME AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 16, 1832.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

The last has been a week of Racing—not racing over the regular course by blood horses, nor yet by saddle horses—but real bona-fide Steamboat Racing, on our noble river. The immense competition and the vast sums of money expended in the construction of these superb steamers has excited the feelings of our staid, thrifty citizens to a degree hardly credible. An universal interest is taken in the success of some one or other of these huge leviathans, and betting to no small amount has given a *touching* relish to their respective performances.

On Monday the faithful *grooms* were putting in order that deserving favorite of the public, the beautiful "North America," to compete with an untried, but staunch boat, the "Champlain," just from the hands of her builders. They are both superb chargers, and the tried mettle of the one made it seem a presumptive inclination in the newly trained courser, to wish to make her debut alongside the Eclipse of the river. On Tuesday they left the wharf in the most gallant manner for Albany. With true-bred courtesy the North America gave her fair rival four minutes the start, following in all the majesty of conscious strength. During the day, accounts were continually reaching the city of the state of the race. Many persons had taken an early ride into the country, and saw the boats pass some 8, 10 or 12 miles from the city. The Champlain must have gone with prodigious swiftness to have kept the track entirely ahead of her noble rival. From the starting post to Albany she was leading, without whip or spur, bearing hard on the bit. This result must have decided her comparative speed.

As a race on the true principle of carrying weight, this trial will hardly be considered decisive, as the Champlain carried no passengers—while the North America had between two and three hundred. Yet the result is highly gratifying to the owners of the Champlain, inasmuch as this passage gives her a first rate rank among her many and beautiful rivals. The Champlain is owned principally in Troy, and will run between New-York and that city, in company with the Erie, a new boat, now building on the same model. They are both "day boats," and have four holders each.

The hier return she did all that was expected of her, and well nigh achieved the accomplishment of the warmest wishes of her friends, when within sight of the city, to the dismay of all, some accident occurred to her machinery, requiring the engineers to take off half her power, bringing her in at a limping pace. A few days will put her to rights, when she will resume her place in the lists.

THE STATE FENCIBLES.—On Wednesday a Philadelphia Infantry Corps, on their way to Boston, arrived at the Battery about 12 o'clock, by the boat Napoleon. They were received by the "Tompkins Blues," conducted up Broadway to Tammany Hall, and partook of refreshments in the "old Wigwam."

The Fencibles are making a return visit to the Bostonians, one of whose Independent Companies made an excursion to Philadelphia last summer. They will be heartily welcomed by their former guests, and cannot fail to enjoy the open-handed hospitalities for which Bostonians are proverbial. The corps appeared in fine order and good spirits.

THE DINNER.—We have seen a spirited lithographic print, representing the Saloon of the City Hotel and the company at the Irving Dinner—making an extremely neat picture, after the manner of Col. Sargeant's Dinner Party. We commend it to all, and especially to those who were deprived the pleasure of participating in this spontaneous tribute to genius and excellence, as affording a striking memento of the first public dinner ever given in New-York to any man whose claims on the affections and respect of his countrymen rested solely on his merits as an author. Its execution as a lithograph entitles it to preservation, and the compliment of a good frame.

☞ It may be had of Peabody & Co.

BEWARE OF EDITORS.—A lockless terrier passing the office of the Journal of Commerce, fell in with one of the editors, and was instantly killed by him with a club snatched from a neat standing by.

Poor Sholto was an unlettered dog, and had never read the advice to "poor Tray!"

MARRIAGE.—After all due billing and cooing, with consent of parents, the American Advocate and Evening Journal were united in holy bands, and are now spending the honeymoon in the most perfect admiration of each other. The happy pair have given two parties in the shape of Tariff meetings, and were loudly acclaimed by the tenantry on each of their respective estates. We wish them happiness and thumping babies.

GOV. TOMPKINS AND HIS LADY.—Two Omnibuses, bearing the above names, with four black horses, have just been "put on the line" between Wall street and the Bowery. Walking is truly getting vulgar. A man on his feet will soon be stared at in Broadway—and a tripping dance! a perfect phenomenon.

CLEAN-STREETS.—A bill has passed the Board of Assistants and Board of Aldermen which provides for the cleansing of our streets. This is as it should be.

We shall soon hope to be able to cross a street after a rain without getting more than knee deep in mud, and to pass a cellar door without stumbling over a pyramid of cabbage heads and lobster claws.

PICKPOCKETS.—A gentleman from the country was relieved of his wallet, containing one hundred and ten dollars, at the Park Theatre. Bad business this—To have our pockets emptied while the ear is ravished with the "melody of sweet sounds,"—sounds empty music to our ears. Country gentlemen should be careful of their wallets—to city bucks the caution is unnecessary—*their wallets are safe* do you take?

A DOWN EASTER.—A New-England editor, noticing the Young Men's Convention, says—"Mr. B——— is an elegant writer, a finished scholar, and for a young man is said to be one of the finest *orators* in America."—Young or old, if the fact be true, he must be a wonderful man—wish we'd had him at the Tariff Meeting—Just think of it—a young man one entire oration. My stars! all as natural as life—Hallelujah! what a man!

FAMINE.—If the great talkers of charity can turn their attention for a moment from the Indians and the Missionaries, they will find the inhabitants of Fago, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, suffering in the most horrid manner from absolute starvation—fifteen to twenty die daily. Truly here is an opportunity for the exercise of genuine philanthropy. A few hundred barrels of meal would prove an acceptable gift to these starving christians, and rather than the object should not be attained we would consent to the accompaniment of a "bale of Tracts."

CHOLERA IN QUEBEC.

The portentous news which reached our city yesterday, that the Cholera was officially ascertained as being in Quebec, produced an unusual solemnity throughout our community. On the 9th instant there were 15 cases reported. A letter received from the house of Horatio Gates & Co. of Montreal, states that a few cases of this terrible malady had occurred in that city also.

It is said to be of the most malignant character, as its fatality most strikingly illustrates. There has been scarcely a single recovery. The disease seems to owe its origin to a company of emigrants, out of whose number 12 had died on their passage.

THE ART OF HEALTH.

The weather has at last became warm—the mornings are getting balmy and delicious, and an hour's snuffing of the sea air, at a quick pace, will be found bracing and invigorating.

To all desirous of the enjoyment of good spirits and sound health, we would recommend our beautiful Battery for a morning's walk or an evening's stroll. There is no place like it—the smooth and even walks—the delicious grassy lawns—the rich foliage of the trees—the murmur of the deep sea—the view of the harbor—the swelling zephyrs from "ocean's bed," give to this delightful spot, attractions that few can resist and none fail to appreciate.

Next to exercise, as the means of health, frequent bathing affords the most undoubted advantages, and as summer has really set in upon us, we would remind our readers of the facilities of enjoying this exhilirating recreation. The Arcade Baths are in the neatest order, and well deserve the public patronage. We commend them and all well kept baths to every lover of cleanliness, lively spirits and blooming health.

TURF REGISTER.—We have made several extracts from the June No. of this valuable periodical, which, in addition to its usual variety of matter, interesting to the friends of the Turf and others, contains a beautiful engraving of the celebrated SIR PETER TEAZLE. The article entitled "A peep at the Old Dominion," we regret not being able to insert entire, on account of a great press of other matters; it will be found well worthy of an attentive perusal.

ANOTHER PATRIOT GONE HOME.—Gen Sumter, of South Carolina, one of the last relics of revolutionary glory, died at his residence at South Mount on Sunday last, full of years and honor.

FLOODS OF ELOQUENCE.

The lingual muscles of the speech-making portion of our community have been put to the liveliest exercise of late. Union—Tariff—Neutral, and Anti-Tariff meetings have aroused the elements of political warfare, and "given tongue" to the warmest *professions* of unsurpassed patriotism. The interest grew deeper and deeper—and the meetings were increased at an equal ratio of numbers. The Saloon at the City Hotel was at first large enough—then the Sessions Room in the old Alms House; and finally the open Park, with the heavens for a canopy and the stars for candles, was put in requisition.

We have now and then wandered in and listened to the impassioned eloquence of the speakers; and, though indifferent to the parties, could not but catch the watch words so thoroughly significant of political feuds:—The Union, the glorious Union, must be preserved, say one and all. To this sentiment we gladly respond. Then come the signs of the cloven foot:—Give us protection, say they of the wool and cloth.—Give us a judicious tariff, say the neutrals.—Give us a free port and open sea, say the free-traders. Then comes the "soft soap:"—The dear people must be protected.—The dear Southerners must be quieted.—The dear mechanics must be secured.—The dear working-men must be paid.—The dear yeomanry must be backed up.—The dear manufacturers must receive their dividends.—The dear sheep on a thousand hills must be saved.—All duties must be kept on—All duties must be taken off—All discresses must be alleviated—and so on to the end of the catalogue.

But not one word, amid the jarring interests of the various parties, have we heard for the dear, starving, darling editors. O!a spirit of the times, how cruel thou art:—Oh life in New-York, what a humbug!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?—A fortnight has elapsed and not a single new case at Washington. "The Devil and Tom Walker" must have left the city. What can members be doing? Kicking and cuffing, dicking and spitting are as much overlooked as though they were not sent there for that purpose. No wonder they get horse shoes thrown at their heads. They must have a "set-to," twont do to be thus idle. Hope the tobacco has'nt given out. At it game ones—do it daintily—stick to the quids, but let them have the juice lively.

POLICE.—Owing to the length of our SPORTING INTELLIGENCE, to which we beg leave to call the attention of our readers, our weekly Police Review is omitted.

Mt. Vernon Trotting Course.

The Proprietor of this Course, William Oliver, has lately improved and laid out the ground's appertaining thereto, and the track is in the most perfect order. Almost every owner of a horse in our city knows that this location is on the Third Avenue, about five miles from the City Hall.

On Thursday next, a saddle, bridle and martingale will be trotted for, by horses of not less speed than three minutes and a half. The Course will be kept open for any disposed to make matches, public or private, and also for training horses. We shall give notice of the purses to be contended for and the result of the matches.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.

The ship Marmora, Captain Low, arrived off this port on Tuesday evening, and was boarded by the news-boat of the Courier & Enquirer, which came up on Wednesday bringing intelligence of the deepest moment. (The Marmora left Liverpool on the 12th of May.)

By this arrival we are apprised that the King of England has at last, after much hesitation, positively refused to create the number of Peers which were required to effect the passage of the Reform Bill through the House of Lords; and the immediate consequence of this was the resignation of Earl Grey, Lord Brougham, and the entire ministry.

The announcement of these events had created the most intense sensation throughout England. The London papers are filled with the proceedings of public meetings in various parts of the country, in which the conduct of the opponents of the Reform Bill and especially of the Peers, is denounced in the most unmeasured terms; and the universal language of the Reformers is, that *the Reform Bill must become a law, or the people*, through the House of Commons, *will refuse to grant the supplies, and of course put a stop to the government.*

When the news of the resignation of the Ministry reached Birmingham, a meeting of the Reformers was called, which was attended by above 100,000 persons. Disdaining to appeal to the King or the Lords after what has now passed, they drew up a spirited address to the House of Commons, urging that House to remain firm and unwavering in their exertions to effect the final triumph of Reform, and pointing out the most energetic measures as those proper to be adopted for bringing the late Ministry again into power, and especially enjoining them to withhold all supplies until the demands of the people were complied with.

In the House of Commons, Lord Ebrington moved an address to the King, expressing the deep regret of the House at the retirement of the Ministry, and their devoted attachment to the principles of the Reform bill, and closing with an earnest request that his Majesty will call none but Reformers to the administration of the government.

This motion elicited an animated debate, in which it was supported by Lord Althorp, Mr O'Connell, and other leading Reformers, and opposed by Mr. Peel, Mr. Alexander Baring, jun. and Sir Charles Wetherell; and on a division the vote stood: for the motion, 288; against it, 208; exhibiting a majority of 80 in favor of going all lengths for Reform.

We have no room for further details; which indeed would serve rather to portray the state of public feeling in England than to afford any decisive indications of the results to which these momentous events must lead. It appears to be admitted on all hands that an effort will be made to form an Ultra-Tory Ministry, with Wellington at its head; but with what success is not yet settled, and its stability is regarded as still more problematical than its formation.

A petition from the Reformers of Manchester to the House of Commons, praying for the stoppage of all supplies till the Reform Bill is passed, signed by 55,000 persons, and another from Birmingham of a similar nature, signed by 100,000 persons, had been laid before the House.

STILL LATER.—The packet ship Britannia, Captain Marshall, arrived off our port on Wednesday, and her papers were received in the afternoon. She brings London dates to the 15th ult. two days later than those of the Marmora, but without affording any additional intelligence of importance. No new Cabinet had yet been announced; and though Wellington was universally regarded as the successor to the premiership, he seemed to find great difficulty in filling up the bureaux of the respective departments. It is even rumored that Mr. Peel had refused to take office under him, which seems to be altogether incredible.

Every day passed in the state of painful interest and suspense which now prevails, seems to add greatly to the agitation which pervades the country, and which would apparently require but a slight shock to convert it into revolution and anarchy.

We give a few extracts from Mr. WILLIS's letters, in the hope that they will be read with pleasure, as affording a happy description of Parisian manners and graphic sketches of character. We omit his account of the cholera and its shocking ravages, as being of too sombre a cast for our pages: besides, its insertion in almost every print we take up has rendered the very sight of the article loathsome, and created a feeling of dread akin to the horror of an attack.

I was presented last night, with Mr. Carr and Mr Ritchie, two of our countrymen, to the king. We were very naturally prepared for an embarrassing ceremony—an expectation which was not lessened in my case, by the necessity of a laced coat, breeches, and sword; matters which I had contended with our excellent minister, Mr. Rives, were neither necessary nor becoming to American citizens. I was overruled, however; and we drove into the court of the Tuileries, as the palace clock struck nine, in the costume of courtiers of the time of Louis the twelfth, very anxious about the tenacity of our knee buckles, and not at all satisfied as to the justice done to our unexercised proportions by the tailor. To say nothing of my looks, I am sure I should have *felt* much more like a gentleman in my *costume bourgeois*. By the time we had been passed through the hands of all the chamberlains, however, and walked through all the preparatory halls and drawing-rooms, each with its complement of gentlemen in waiting, dressed like ourselves in lace and small clothes, I became more reconciled to myself, and began to *feel* that I might possibly have looked out of place in my ordinary dress. The atmosphere of a court is certainly very contagious in this particular.

After being sufficiently astonished with long rooms, lackeys, and guards-in, seven or eight feet high, (the tallest men I ever saw, standing with halberds at the doors,) we were introduced into the *Salle du Trone*—a large hall, lined with crimson velvet throughout, with the throne in the centre of one of the sides. Some half dozen gentlemen were standing about the fire, conversing very familiarly, among whom was the British ambassador, Lord Granville, and the Brazilian minister, both of whom I had met before. The king was not there. The Swedish minister, a noble looking man, with snow white hair, was the only other official person present, each of the ministers having come to present one or two of his countrymen. The king entered in a few minutes, in the simple uniform of the line, and joined the group at the fire with the most familiar and cordial politeness; each minister presenting his countryman as occasion offered certainly with far less ceremony than one sees at most dinner parties in America. After talking a few minutes with Lord Granville, inquiring the progress of the cholera, he turned to Mr Rives, and we were presented. We stood in a little circle around him, and he conversed with us about America for ten or fifteen minutes. He inquired from what states we came, and said he had been as far west as Nashville, Tennessee, and had often slept in the woods, quite as soundly as he ever did in more luxurious quarters. He begged pardon of Mr. Carr, who was from South Carolina, for saying that he had found the southern taverns not particularly good. He preferred the north. All this time I was looking out for some accent in the "king's English." He spoke the language with all the correctness and fluency of a vernacular tongue. We were all surprised at it. It is *American* English, however. He has not a particle of the cockney drawl, half Irish and half Scotch, with which many English men speak. He must be the most cosmopolite king that ever reigned. He even said he had been at Tangiers, the place of Mr. Carr's consulship; and, after saying something complimentary to his country, he passed to the Brazilian minister, who stood on the other side, leaving us delighted with his manner, and probably, in spite of our independence, much more inclined than before to look kindly upon his bad politics. The queen had entered, meantime, with the king's sister, Lady Adelaide, and one or two of the ladies of honor; and, after saying something similar to us all, in her own European, and assuring us that his majesty was very fond of America, the royal group bowed out, and left us once more to ourselves.

We remained a few minutes, and I occupied my time if with looking at the gold and crimson throne before me, and recalling to my mind the world of historical circumstances connected with it. You can easily imagine it all. The throne of France is perhaps the most interesting one in the world. But of all its associations none rushed upon me so forcibly, or stained my imagination so long, as the accidental drama of July. It was the scene during the three days of July. It was there that the people brought the Polytechnic scholar, mortally wounded in the attack on the palace, to die. He breathed his last on the throne of France, surrounded with his comrades and a crowd of patriots. It is one of the most striking and affecting incidents, I think, in all history.

As we passed out, I caught a glimpse through a side-door of the queen and the princesses sitting round a table, covered with books, in a small drawing-room, while a servant, in the gaudy livery of the court, was just entering with a waiter of tea. The careless attitudes of the group, the mellow light of the shade-lamp, and the happy voices of children coming through the door, reminded me more of home than any thing I have seen in France. It is odd, but really the most aching sense of home-sickness I have felt since I left America, was awakened at that moment—in the palace of a king, and at the sight of his queen and daughters!

We stopped in the antechamber to have our names recorded in the visiting-book—a ceremony which insures us invitations to all the balls given at court during the winter. The first has already appeared, in the shape of a printed note, in which we are informed by the "Aide-de-camp of the king to the lady of honor of the queen," that we are invited to a ball at the palace on Monday night. To my distress there is a little direction at the bottom, "*Les hommes seront en uniforme*," which subjects those of us who are not military once more to the awkwardness of this ridiculous court dress. I advise all Americans coming abroad to get a commission in the militia to travel with—It is of use in more ways than one.

* * * *

On the last night but one of the carnival, I went to a ball at the palace. We presented our invitations at the door, and mounted through piles of armed soldiers of the line, crowds of servants in the king's livery, and groves of exotics at the broad landing-places, to the reception room. We were ushered into the *Salle des Marechals*—a large hall, the ceiling of which rises into the dome of the Tuileries, ornamented with full-length portraits of the living marshals of France. A gallery of a light airy structure runs round upon the capitals of the pillars, and this, when we entered, and at all the after hours of the ball, was crowded with loungers from the assembly beneath—producing a splendid effect, as their glittering uniforms passed and repassed under the flags and armor with which the ceilings were thickly hung. Three rows of velvet-covered seats, one above another, went round the hall, leaving a passage behind, and in front of these the queen and her family made a circuit of courtesy, followed by the wives of the ambassadors, among whom was our countrywoman, Mrs. Rives. Her majesty went smiling past, stopping here and there to speak to a lady she recognized, and the king followed her with his eternal and painfully forced smile, saying something to every second person he encountered. There was not a passably handsome woman in the train, our dignified countrywoman, Mrs. R. alone excepted. The princesses have good faces, and the second one has an expression of great delicacy and tenderness, but no beauty. As soon as the queen was seated, the band played a quadrille, and the crowd cleared away from the centre for the dance. The duke of Orleans selected his partner, a pretty girl, who, I believe, was English, and forward went the head couples to the exquisite music of the new opera—Robert le Diable.

I fell into the little *cortege* standing about the queen, and watched the interesting party dancing in the head quadrille for an hour. The duke of Orleans, who is nearly twenty, and seems a thoughtless, good-natured, immature young man, moved about very gracefully, and seemed amused, and quite unconscious of the attention he drew. The princesses were *rien-ris*, and the second one, a dark-haired, slender, interesting girl of nineteen, had a Polytechnic scholar for her partner. He was a handsome, gallant-looking fellow, who must have distinguished himself to have been invited to court, and I could not but admire the beautiful mixture of respect and self-confidence with which he demanded the hand of the princess from the lady of honor, and conversed with her during the dance. If royalty does not seal up the affections, I could scarce conceive how a being so decidedly of nature's best nobility, handsome, graceful and confident, could come within the sphere of a sensitive-looking girl, like the princess Christine and not leave more than a transient recollection upon her fancy. The music stopped, and I had been so much occupied with my speculations upon the Polytechnic boy that I had scarcely noticed any other person in the dance. He led the princess back to her seat by the *dame d'honneur*, bowed low, colored a little, and mingled with the crowd. A few minutes after, I saw him in the gallery, quite alone, leaning over the railing and looking down upon the scene below, having apparently abandoned the dance for the evening. From something in his face, and in the manner of resuming his sword, I was certain he had come to the palace with that single object, and would dance no more. I kept him in my eye most of the night, and am very sure that he did not. If the little romance I wove out of it was not a true one, it was not because the material was improbable.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

A printer in Cincinnati advertises a runaway apprentice, of whom he gives the following description:

"He is about eighteen years of age, and almost five feet seven inches high—light complexion—sandy hair—stout built—low legged—takes long strides, and leans forward as he walks—has been stage-struck for several months past, and will probably endeavor to get employed as candle snuffer or scene-shifter at some of the Theatres in the towns on the river."

There is something in type metal that operates towards the stage. We believe nearly half of the players have, in their time, been printers. We do not know that they possess the physical qualification of the candidate noticed above.—*U. S. Gazette.*

MERRY ANDREW.—The following odd advertisement is from the Newcastle Courant, for April 4, 1761; "Wanted immediately, a brisk active man, to serve a travelling doctor, as an "Andrew;" he must be a person of drollery and ready wit; if he has followed that calling before, he will be the more acceptable; or if he plays on any instrument."

NORFOLK SPRING RACES.

We have just received from our very obliging correspondent at Norfolk Va. the result of the Races over that course. Our friend remarks that the races were entirely more spirited and better attended than he ever before witnessed in that "Borough."

The Norfolk Jockey Club Spring Races commenced last Wednesday.

First Day.—A Sweepstake for Colts and fillies—mile heats—$200 entrance—half forfeit. The weather was cool, clear and every way favorable, and the course well attended. The following fine animals started for the purse, viz:

Captain Jesse Wilkinson's b. f. Kate Kennon, by Contention, dam Columbia, by Archie, out of Black Ghost.

Col Wm. Wynn's b. c. Anvil, by Monsieur Tonson, dam Isabella, by Archie, out of Black Ghost; and

Mr. James S. Harrison's b. f. Huma, by Gohanna, out of Mr. John Wickham's Archie mare.

The following was the result;

Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. Anvil,	1	
Capt Jesse Wilkinson's b. f. Kate Kennon,	3	2
J. S. Harrison's b. f. Huma,	2	3

Time 1st heat 1m. 55s—2d do 1m. 57 1-2s.

In the second contest, a match race of Virginia against Kentucky, the palm was borne off with ease by the former, showing that the daughter was no match for her mother.

Time—1m. 52s.

Second Day.—Proprietors purse $200—two mile heats, resulted, after a hard contest, as follows:

Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. Virginia Taylor, by Sir Archie, 5 years old,	5	1
J. S. Harrison's b. h. Duke of Gloster, by Archie, 4 years old,	2	5
J. M. Butt's b. m. Jemima, by Ratler 5 years old,	3	4
Wm. Wynn's bl. h. Gen. Brooke, by Archie, 4 years old,	1	2 dr'n
Pitt Thomas' ch. m. Iris by Rasselas,	4	3 dist.

Time—first heat 3m. 54s—2d heat 3m. 38s—3d heat 3m. 49s.

And directly after, a Sweepstake, mile heats, for which three horses started, resulted as follows:

Mr. Hatcher's b. h. Hail Storm,	1	1
Mr. Williams' Gunpowder,	2	dist.
Mr. Kelley's b. h. Godolphin,	dist.	

Time—1st heat 1m. 50s—2d do. 1m. 55s

Third Day.—The Jockey Club Purse of $500, 4 mile heats, attracted a handsome competition, and six horses of high reputation on the turf (as below) entering for the prize, produced one of the most animated contests ever witnessed over this course. The weather was unusually fine, the track in excellent order, and the course most respectably attended. It will be observed by the time that the contest was distinguished by uncommon speed, the second heat having been accomplished in 7m 40.—a shorter time than ever before recorded—over this course.

The contest lay chiefly between Col. Johnson's Andrew, Mr. Botts' Collier, and Col. Wynn's Hugo—the last ran beautifully, but was distanced in the third mile of the second heat, from the saddle slipping over his withers, and compelled the rider to take him up in the third round. The bets were 3 to 1 in favor of Andrew, and many took him against the field. The anticipations of the knowing ones were realized, for he bore off the purse by coming out about a length ahead of Collier in the last round. Collier displayed fine powers as a four mile horse, and some believed that had the heats been broken, the result of the contest would have been different.

The following is the award of the Judges:

Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. Andrew, by Sir Charles,	1	1
Jno. M. Bott's b. h. Collier, by do.	6	2
Wm. H. Minge's b. m. Molly Howel, by Contention,	5	3
Wm. Wynn's b. h. Hugo, by Sir Charles,	2	dist.
Hector Davis' ch. m. Dolly Dixon, by Sir Charles,	3	dist.
Thos. D. Watson's b. m. Maria West, by Marion,	4	dist.

Time—1st heat, 7m. 47.—2d do. 7m. 40s.

Fourth and last day.—Annual Post Stake 3 mile heats, purse $400.

Wm. Wynn's b. h. Malcolm by Sir Charles, 5 years old,	1	1
W. R. Johnson's ch. Annette by do. 5 years old,	3	2
Charles Hatchers, bl. m. Bonny Black 5 years old, by young Sir Archie,	2	3

Time 5m. 52s—5m. 50.

Second Race.—A match Race between a Virginia and a Kentucky horse—one mile out for $200.

Mr. Hill's b. h. Norfolk by Timoleon, 1365b. 1
Mr. Kelley's b. h. Broomtail by Roanoke, 148b. 2

Time 1m. 59s.

BALTIMORE RACES.

The vein of humor and play of words on the names of the noble animals contending for the purse give to the following account a *raciness* peculiarly happy and attractive.

CENTRAL COURSE RACE.

The last day's race over the Central Course, near Baltimore, for the Jockey Club purse of 1000 dollars, four mile heats, was run on Friday, and decided in favor of the Flying Dutchman. The day was fine, and the course well and fashionably attended—and the splendid purse of the Jockey Club, to which all its members contributed, and the competitors nags of no inconsiderable fame, started by "judicious" trainers of experience, and rode by skilful jockeys, though young, such as seek glorious distinction.—Opinion, until the hour of starting, had strangely fluctuated between the Dutchman and the Nullifier, both of whom HAD BEEN greater favorites than now. The Dutchman, from "the great State," had lately been "rejected" upon another course, (he had been beat in New York by O'Kelly,) though he had acquired celebrity in his own State.—The Nullifier, in his early career, had been a colt of great promise, and had also run with success; but latterly he had been severely handled by the "Goliah" of the East, becoming a favorite in Virginia, by whom he had been beat at Richmond, (not Fairfield however,) in four heats, well contested throughout, had run restiff, and it was apprehended had trained off. Reform had begun his career with signal success, though, in the opinion of some, beyond his deserts; he had won a match at Washington but having been run lately very hard, (seventeen miles in one week on the Washington course,) he had gone out of favor, and was thought to stand but a slender chance for the purse. Sparrowhawk, a respectable courser from the Ancient Dominion, had been but latterly started for the great stakes; but evincing speed and bottom, hopes were entertained from him, should he not be injudiciously run, so as to favor the Dutchman.

Precisely at 12 o'clock the INFATIENT coursers bounded from the goal. From the start the Nullifier was hard pressed by the Dutchman, who took the first heat, to the great delight of his backers, though leaving his favorite, Reform, far behind. In the second heat Sparrowhawk, who had previously dropt within the distance, and had scarce been regarded in the race, manfully contended for the lead, leaving together the Dutchman and Reform far in the rear; towards the close, the Virginia courser was too hard pressed by the Nullifier, who took the track under the whip, displaying wonderful stoutness. The Virginia courser having sustained some injury was now drawn, leaving the contest for the last heat to the Nullifier, the Dutchman, and Reform. The excellent "MANAGEMENT" of the Northen Jockey was now manifest—having left the contest to the Nullifier and the Virginian, who, instead of uniting to oppose the Dutchman, had destroyed themselves in the last heat, while he slyly lay back in company with Reform—their companionship, it was now evident, was for his own advancement. In the third heat, the Dutchman ran away from ALL—Reform, a small horse, still pushed by the Nullifier, game to the last. Many believed he might have won, had he been as well managed as his more fortunate adversary, or been supported by the CONSTITUTION—he was somewhat amiss.

Though the Dutchman was successful on this occasion, it is believed that a superior nag, with some training and management, will defeat him in the autumn. It is understood a Kentucky courser, of Virginia origin, (the Duke of Orleans," by Sumter, supposed to be vastly superior to the Hero,) is getting "in order," near the Central Course, for the autumn meeting; who will require no aid either from the Nullifier or Reform, notwithstanding the wiles of the Dutchman.

The coursers of the South had hitherto taken near all the purses at the "Central Course," and there seemed some satisfaction among disinterested spectators that one other purse should go to the North, which was mistaken for "sympathy" in the Dutchman's defeat, on the occasion referred to.

The day, and the close of the week, closed with a sumptuous entertainment at the Club House; the feast was graced by the Governor, and the choicest spirits of Maryland and of other States; seasoned with the purest attic, "the glasses sparkled on the board," responsive to the Genius of Song, (the signor Amitor, "who had enraptured the cognoscenti of Europe.") The spirit of conviviality prevailed for a moment, by the rare assemblage of gentlemen of different persuasions, united for once at the festive board in the promotion of other objects; and, by the wit elicited by the "spirit-moving" accession, shrunk back before the urbane and dignified "Monarch" of the feast, who alone could command the unanimous suffrage of his devoted subjects. Nullifier, the aim of much wit, is hereafter to be called "Target," and the Dutchman may give way to some more popular name, such as will allay the dissensions of party. At a late hour the party broke up, determined to support their President. This mishap proved to be one of the most exciting incidents that ever occurred on the turf. The course was covered with water, and at the starting post slippery as glass.

The eagerly expected word "go," was scarcely pronounced, when the colt slipped and fell—for an instant, the fate of the little rider, thrown on his back, in advance of the colt, was the object of intense solicitude; it was quickly seen, however, that both had risen from mother earth, uninjured by the fall, and now all eyes followed the colt, who kept the track, most fairly, quickly passed his antagonists, coquetted with the fair Florida, suffering her occasionally to run up to him; flattering her with the hope of going by, but finally, opening a gap, in which were burned alike her hopes and her utmost exertions to pass him—He appeared proud of the undivided responsibility thus ensued the loss of his rider and his guide; and without flourishing here or there, of metaphor or whip, passed the judges' stand ahead of both his antagonists—greeted with a burst of joyful acclamation. The *ladies* would have made him a Consul on the spot, to be fed forever after like Nero's horse, on gilded oats. But, for not bringing in his weight, your Gotham sets record him a *dishonored horse!* In spite of all the "unco righteous" may say to the contrary, this display of equestrain ambition proved that *nature* is no enemy to *racing*. The winner is a beautiful creature, "the earth stamp when she touches it, the hoarse horn of her hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes."

But this day was rendered yet more memorable in the annals of the turf by the second race, for the proprietor's purse, two mile heats, for which seven horses came to the post, all eager for the word. To wit: Rapid, Bayard, Betsey Hare, Row-galley, Nullifier and Goliah. In the first mile they were clustered in a manner to leave the issue doubtful as to all, but then it soon became apparent that a desperate struggle was approaching between Bayard, the victor of many a well contested field, and Goliah, from the lists of the famed Eclipse. During the last half mile the conflict was tremendous, and the most listless observer, now marked every inch of its progress with intense earnestness. Goliah maintained his position about a length behind, until within sixty yards of the goal, when amidst the deafening shouts of the spectators, he locked his antagonist, and putting forth all his giant strength in the last bound, he strode to the earth the chaplet with which victory was just about to crown his confident rival. It was proclaimed a dead heat.

In the second heat, five only stripped for the contest—Zatila and Rowgalley having taken in their oats. Lady Hare made play with Goliah for a time, but finally yielded to superior strength. Nullifier and the preux Chevalier holding themselves in reserve. The course was fetlock deep in mud, and the riders came in enveloped in that commodity, like East Indian mummies—time of this heat won by Goliah in 4 m. 10 s.

For the third heat Goliah was the favourite, though the backers of Bayard were by no means dismayed. Nullifier, tough as white leather, just began to feel himself, and Betsey Hare was ready and willing to repeat—the contest settled down finally, between Bayard and Nullifier, the former coming out at length ahead, and winning the third heat in 4 m. 4. s.

And soon again the bugle sounded to found, and as it proved the last heat. THE EAGLE answered to the call, and they rushed from the goal "like a mighty current, with its loud surges bursting along." Goliah was now the decided favorite, though the friends of Bayard true to his motto—*semper et sans reproche*, stood firmly by him; and now it was evident that Nullifier meant to *stick to the track* as long as there was the least chance of attaining the object for which he *subscribed the compact*. At New Market, he took the stud, deeming it unconstitutional to have a strange rider "saddled on his back," *solens volens*, and close rather than pay the impost, that was *heavily laid on him*, to be put beyond the pale, and was accordingly disfranchised; but now, being governed by a ruler of his own choice, the calls upon him were *freely made* and as *freely answered*. Like his renowned sire, he showed that he needed and *coked bear the timber*. There had been one dead heat, Goliah had taken one; Bayard one, and should this be taken by Nullifier, there must be five heats. To these three the field was yielded for

PEEP AT THE OLD DOMINION,

AT THE RACING SEASON, SPRING 1832.

MR. EDITOR:

On leaving Baltimore two weeks since, for the Newmarket and Tree Hill races, I promised to give you a *running* account of such things as it might be supposed would afford any entertainment to your readers: and though it may be feared they will *fog* on the way, I promise not to put them to sleep by a *long preface*, before entering upon my subject.

The evening after leaving Baltimore, we arrived at Petersburg, by way of City Point, a point without a city—travelling the last twelve miles by land. There *I pulled up* at the Elder Powell's, where we were accommodated with a heart could wish. As soon as I looked the old cock in the face, I was sure we were safe: for without the aid of Professor Ducatel, to measure the fascial angle and feel his bumps, I was craniologist enough to say to myself "there's the face of an honest man, a worthy old *gentleman*, who will oblige a civil guest, more for the pleasure of doing a kind act, than for any profit he is to gain by it." I was prophesy more fully carried out by the result, though none had the rare merit of being at once intelligible, and what is equally material and uncommon, it was made in *advance of the fact*—The other chief tavern at Petersburg, is kept by *Powell, jr.* who has long the repute of being a worthy chip of the old block. If I had seen him first I should have been irresistibly attracted by his open countenance and laughing *benevolent blue eye*, yet as yours is merely to record *facts*, it must be *registered* against him, as within my own observation, that when it came to his turn in a jovial company, I heard him sing

"A very good song, and well sung,
Jolly companions every one."

Nay more, I was informed on undoubted authority, that he had been actually known to commit the sin of *fox-hunting*. For all which, like the gentle that sets in a Connecticut church, he ought to be made to stand with his tongue in a split stick, till he comes home.

And now for the *New Market Race course*.

The official accounts in a separate form, that you will doubtless receive and publish, will supersede the necessity of details. The course itself is one of the handsomest in the Union.

The third day, being for the Jockey Club, four mile heats, in which the yet unvanquished Bantams of Blue, was for the first time, to display her beautiful figure on that course, the interest was intense, and the multitude of anxious spectators proportioned to the excitement. She was decidedly the favorite at starting, bets being even on her against the field. Even the ladies, not always the best judges of *female* beauty and proportions, nor lavish in the praise of them, at the sight of this fair daughter of Old Reality, were filled with sympathy and admiration, and wagered on her all their gloves, watch guards, and keepsakes. Until now she could boast with Cæsar, *veni, vidi, vici*. But misfortune, as if to teach a lesson of caution to the most knowing by another display of her caprice, had decreed that the fair Bonnets should have her plumes broken by a rude "*Red Rover*," and he finally stung to the quick by a "*Hornet*." The first heat was taken by Red Rover, by Carolinian, in 8 minutes 1 second, the second and third, by Sally Hornet, in 8m. and 8s. and 8 m. and 31 s. The time shews that the Bonnets was out of fix, and it is admitted that both she and Trifle, had been too much travelled and over worked, having been ten months in hand. They have since been sent to Chesterfield, and turned out to refresh and prepare themselves for a struggle for new laurels on the Central Course, at your next October meeting.

For Red Rover, who had run with credit, and won at Jerusalem, $3000 were offered and refused after the first heat.

The fourth and last day, was a sweepstakes for colts and fillies, mile heats—a highly interesting race, as well in the number of fine colts, as the hardness of the contest; the time being 1m. 53s. 1m. 55s. and 1m. 54s. It showed what sportsmen look at as most auspicious—little or no *fetlock on off*. The first heat was taken by Mr. Wynn's fine Tonson colt, unexpectedly even to his owner, who ordered his rider on his passing the half mile post, to take care to keep *within his distance*, and was surprised to see him rushing to take the lead in the quarter stretch. The effort by being too long postponed, was made with too much violence of exertion. In the two last heats Hell Cline again led the dance, Mr. Minge's fine filly Florida, (afterwards winner at Tree Hill,) being second in the race. Thus ended the May season at this old and popular course, hallowed by the noble deeds of Sir Archy, Wrangler, Leviathan, Timoleon, Reality, Virginian, Lady Lightfoot, and a host of others of high and equal renown.

You would have been gratified to hear the veterans of the turf, exulting at the revival of

RACES.

very obliging
result of the
l remarks that
ood and better
essed in that

Races com-
Colts and fillies
forfeit | The
say favorable,
following fine

Kate Kennon,
Archie, out of

by Monsieur
out of Black
Archie mare.

	1	1
Lake	3	2
	2	3
a 57 1-2s.		

race, of Virginia
s borne off with
hat the daughter

me $200—two
e contest, as fol-

ginia Taylor,	1	1
	5	1
Gleister,	2	5
Rat	3	4
ake, by		2 dr'n
"Rasse	4	3 dist.

heat 3m. 38s—

stake, mile heats,
sulted as follows:

rm,	1	1
	2	dist.
		dist.

do. 1m. 55s
ub Purse of $500,
orse competition,
tion on the turf (as
produced one of the
witnessed over this
usually fine, the
e course most re-
observed by the
ersted spectators
ving been accom-
time than ever be-

en Col. Johnson's
Col. Wynn's Hu-
t was distanced in
at, from the saddle
compelled the rider
nd. The bets were
d many took him
sions of the know-

RACES.

ay of words on the
ds contending for the
account a *raceness* pe-
ive.

HORSE RACE.

e over the Central
, for the Jockey Club
four mile heats, was
ended in favor of the
he day was fine, and
thusiastically attended
purse of the Jockey
members contributed,
gs of no inconsidera-
ficious," trainers of ex-
skillful jockeys, though
chorous distinction—
our of starting, had
tween the Dutchman
th of whom HAD BEEN
now. The Dutchman,
" had lately been "re-
conqueror, (he had been
O'Kelly,) though he
er in his own State,—
arly career, had been a
, and had also run with
he had been severely
Sly of the East, becom-
genia, by whom he had
od, (not Fairfield how-
well contested through-
ed it was apprehended
from had begun his ca-
se, "laugh, in the open-
ch of arts; he had won
on not having been run
, twice, in one

week on the Washington course,) he had gone out of favor, and was thought to stand but a slender chance for the purse. Sparrowhawk, a respectable courser from the Ancient Dominion, had been but latterly started for the great stakes; but evincing speed and bottom, hopes were entertained from him, should he not be injudiciously run, so as to favor the Dutchman.

Precisely at 12 o'clock the IMPATIENT coursers bounded from the post. From the start the Nullifier was hard pressed by the Dutchman, who took the first heat, to the great delight of his backers, though leaving his favorite, Reform, far behind. In the second heat Sparrowhawk, who had previously dropt within the distance, and had scarce been regarded in the race, manfully contended for the lead, leaving together the Dutchman and Reform far in the rear; towards the close, the Virginia courser was too hard pressed by the Nullifier, who took the track under the whip, displaying wonderful stoutness. The Virginia courser having sustained some injury was now drawn, leaving the contest for the last heat to the Nullifier, the Dutchman, and Reform. The excellent "MANAGEMENT" of the Northen Jockey was now manifest—having left the contest to the Nullifier and the Virginian, who, instead of uniting to oppose the Dutchman, had destroyed themselves in the last heat, while he safely lay back in company with Reform—their companionship, it was now evident, was for his own advancement. In the third heat, the Dutchman ran away from all—Reform, a small horse, still pushed by the Nullifier, gave to the last. Many believed he might have won, had he been as well managed as his more fortunate adversary, or been supported by the CONSTITUTION—he was somewhat amiss.

Though the Dutchman was successful on this occasion, it is believed that a superior nag, with some training and management, will defeat him in the autumn. It is understood a Kentuckey courser, of Virginia origin, (the Duke of Orleans," by Sumter, supposed to be vastly superior to the Hero,) is getting "in order," near the Central Course, for the autumn meeting; who will require no aid either from the Nullifier or Reform, notwithstanding the wiles of the Dutchman.

The coursers of the South had hitherto taken near all the purses at the "Central Course," and there seemed some satisfaction among disinterested spectators that one other course should go to the North, which was mistaken for "sympathy" in the Dutchman's defeat, on the occasion referred to.

The day, and the sports of the week, closed with a sumptuous entertainment at the Club House; the feast was graced by the Governor, and the choicest spirits of Maryland and of other States; seasoned with the purest attic, "the glasses sparkled on the board," responsive to the Genius of Song, (the signor Amitor, "who had enraptured the cognoscenti of Europe!") The spirit of party, aroused but for a moment, by the rare assemblage of gentlemen of different persuasions, united for once at the festive board in the promotion of other objects; and by the wit elicited by the "spirit-moving" scene, shrunk back before the urbane and dignified "Monarch" of the feast, who alone could command the unanimous suffrage of his devoted subjects. Nullifier, the aim of much wit, *is hereafter* to be called "Target," and the Dutchman may give way to some more popular name, such as will allay the dissensions of party. At a late hour the party broke up, determined to support their President, and to re-assemble, whenever in their power, at the mansion of the liberal proprietor of the Central Course.

PEEP AT THE OLD DOMINION,

AT THE RACING SEASON, SPRING 1832.

MR. EDITOR:

On leaving Baltimore two weeks since, for the Newmarket and Tree Hill races, I promised to give you a *running* account of such things as it might be supposed would afford entertainment to your readers: and though it may be feared they will *fag* on the way, I promise not to put them to sleep by a *long preface*, before entering upon my subject.

The evening after leaving Baltimore, we arrived at Petersburg, by way of City Point, a point without a city—travelling the last twelve miles by land. There *I picked up* at the Blue Bell, where we were as well accommodated as heart could wish. As soon as I looked the old cock in the face, I was sure we were safe: for without the aid of Professor Ducade, he put on the facial angle and feel his bumps, I was craniologist enough to say to myself "there's the face of an honest man, a worthy old *gentleman*, who will oblige a civil guest, more for the pleasure of doing a kindness, than for any profit he is to gain by it." Never was prophesy more fully carried out by the result, though mine had the rare merit of being at once intelligible, and what is equally material and uncommon, it was made in *advance of the fact*.—The other chief tavern at Petersburgh, is kept by *Pearel, Jr.* who bears the repute of being a worthy chip of the old block. As I had seen his first I should have been irresistibly attracted by his open countenance and laughing benevolent blue eye, yet as yours is a record of *facts*, it must be *registered* against him, as wholly my own observation, that when it came to his turn in a jovial company, I heard him sing

"A very good song, and well sung,
Jolly companions every one."

Nay more, I was informed on undoubted authority, that he had been actually known to compait the size of *two dumplings*. For all which, like the gentile that sits in a Connecticut church, he ought to be made to stand with his tongue in a split stick, till the cows come home. * * * *

And now for the *New Market Race course*.

The official account in a separate form, that you will doubtless receive and publish, will supersede the necessity of details. The course itself is one of the lamentes in the Union.

The third day, being for the Jockey Club, four mile heats, in which the yet unvanquished Bonnets of Blue, was for the first time, to display her beautiful figure on that course, the interest was intense, and the multitude of anxious spectators proportioned to the excitement. She was decidedly the favorite at starting, bets being even on her against the field. Even the ladies, not always the best judges of *female* beauty and proportions, nor lavish in the praise of them, at the sight of their fellows, watch guards, and keepsakes. Until now she could boast with Cæsar, *veni, vidi, vici*. But misfortune, as if to teach a lesson of caution to the most knowing by another display of her caprice, had decreed that the fair Bonnets should have her plumes broken by a rude "*Red Rover*," and be finally stung to the quick by a *Hornet*. The first heat was taken by Red Rover, by Carolinian, in 8 minutes 1 second, the second and third, by Sally Hornet, in 8m. and 8s. and 8 m. and 31 s. The time shews that the Bonnets was out of fix, and it is admitted that both she and Trifle, had been too much travelled and over worked, having been ten months in hand. They have since been sent to Chesterfield, and turned out to refresh and prepare themselves to struggle for new laurels on the Central Course, at your next October meeting.

For Red Rover, who had run with credit, and won at Jerusalem, $3000 were offered and refused after the first heat.

The fourth and last day, was a sweepstakes for colts and fillies, mile heats—a highly interesting race, as well in the number of fine colts, as the hardness of the contest; the time being Im. 53s. Im 55s. and Im. 54s. It shewed what sports—even look at as most suspicious—little or no *foul play*. The first heat was taken by Mr. Wynn's fine Tuscon colt, unexpectedly even to his owner, who ordered his rider on his passing the half mile post, to take care to keep *within his distance*, and was surprised to see him rushing to take the lead in the quarter stretch. The effort by being too long postponed, was made with too much violence to overreach. In the two last heats Hoke Cline of Leftwich, (afterwards winner at Tree Hill,) being second in the race. Thus ended the May season at this old and popular course, hallowed by the noble deeds of Sir Archy, Wrangler, Leviathan, Timoleon, Reality, Virginian, Lady Lightfoot, and a host of others of high and equal renown.

You would have been gratified to hear the veterans of the turf, exulting at the revival of the olden times, when the best men thought it no offence to Heaven, nor good morals, to see a race, conducted by men of fair ladies and honest yeomen, the tax-payers and defenders of the country. If there be ain in this revival, you, Mr. Editor, have a goodly portion to answer for. For, not to offend your modesty, the public ascribes it in a great measure to the influence of your Magazine. There were seventy two race horses in the stables at New Market—amongst them Malcolm's whose conspicuous for his noble figure and elastic carriage. He was in high flesh, but it was rumored might be put right for the post stake at the Central course. Give me sir but one line, to express my ever grateful sentiments for the great kindness and hospitality I received from *all* at Petersburg. At the club dinner the company accepted from Mr. Branch, and drank heartily—"Maryland, the more we see and know of her, the better we like her." Being the only Marylander present, I felt bound to respond, and to say in the fullness of the heart—"Virginia, knowing her well we like her to overflowing," and uniting the action to the word I overflowed my glass with sparkling champagine to the old dominion! Was I not right Mr. Editor?

* * * * * * *

VISIT TO RICHMOND AND TRECHILL.

With grateful impressions towards all its inmates, we reluctantly left Oakland on Monday, for Richmond. It was a matter of regret that the *Fairfield* spring meeting was already over. Never was name of a course more appropriate. The races there last month, were the first since the revival of this old and once favorite establishment. The proprietorship of such men as *John Minge* and *Richard Adams*, make "assurance doubly sure," that there, on a track not inferior to any in the union, the friends of the turf may count upon the utmost liberality, with, literally, "a *fair* field and no favor." The proceedings of their first meeting you have, doubtless, received, and to them in this number, I presume your readers may be refered for details. All as I understand, from start to pole, went *en* and off in a manner the most gratifying and auspicious of future success.

At Trechill, about three miles from Richmond, on the first day, the get of Arab, Gohanna, Medley, Tonson and Contention, came to the post to contend for the *stallion stakes*.

The platter was swept by *Sir Walter Scott*, property of Mr M'Ghee of North Carolina, and trained in the stable of Mr. Richard Long. Part of the time, and on second heats was handsomely contested by the get of the renowned Gohanna. The Medley filly, the only three year old of his get, had the distemper, and, moreover, ran unkindly; in no much, that at the end of the first quarter, she was fully sixty yards astern. The Ambentry had a bad start and was compelled to kindly; in no much, that at the end of the first quarter, she was fully sixty yards astern. The Ambentry had a bad start and was compelled to do her utmost to make up lost ground. The get of Contention proved second in the race. As Sir Walter passed ahead by the winning post, a wag that stood near me, exclaimed in allusion to his sire, "*by gar, Monsieur Tonson come again*."—On the second day, the object of contest was the sweepstakes: mile heats, entrance $100, h. f. two paid forfeit, leaving only three to enter the lists. Mr. Minge's beautiful bay Florida plucked the laurels from the judges hand in splendid style: Scratched, however, with a single doubt, by an accident that left it somewhat problematical, whether but for that, they might not have been awarded to a fine colt of Mr. A. M. Herrison, which being yet anonymous in your Register, I shall take the liberty of calling ARTAXES, for a reason, that in the sequel, will be obvious to the most exciting incidents that ever occurred on the turf. The course was covered with water, and at the starting post slippery as glass.

The eagerly expected word "*go*," was scarcely pronounced, when the colt slipped and fell—for an instant, the fate of the little rider, thrown on his back, in advance of the colt, was the object of intense solicitude; it was quickly seen, however, that both had risen from mother earth, uninjured by the fall, and now all eyes followed the colt, who kept the track, most fairly, quickly passed his antagonists, coquetted with the fair Florida, suffering her occasionally to run up to him; flattering her with the hope of going by, but finally, opening a gap, in which were buried alike her hopes and her utmost exertions to pass him—He appeared proud of the undivided responsibility, that ensued the loss of his rider and his guide; and without flourishing here or there, of metaphor or whip, passed the judges' stand ahead of both his antagonists—greeted by a burst of joyful acclamation. The *ladies* would have made him a Consul on the spot, to be fed forever after like Nero's horse, on gilded oats. But, for not bringing in his weight, your pages will record him a *distanced horse!* In spite of all the "unco righteous" may say to the contrary, this display of equestrian ambition proved that *nature* is my partner to *racing*. The winner is a beautiful creature, "the earth sings when she touches it, the basest horn of her hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes."

But this day was rendered yet more memorable in the annals of the turf by the second race, for the proprietor's purse, two mile heats, for which seven horses came to the post, all eager for the word. To wit: Rapid, Bayard, Betsey Hare, Row-galley, Nullifier and Goliah. In the first mile they were clustered in a manner to leave the issue doubtful as to all, but then it soon became apparent that a desperate struggle was approaching between Bayard, the victor of many a well contested field, and Goliah, from the loins of the far famed Eclipse. During the last half mile the conflict was tremendous, and the most listless observer, now marked every inch of its progress with intense earnestness. Goliah maintained his position about a length behind, until within sixty yards of the goal, when amidst the deafening shouts of the spectators, he locked his antagonist, and putting forth all his giant strength in the last bound, he struck to the earth the chapet with which victory was just about to crown his confident rival. It was proclaimed a dead heat.

In the second heat, five only stripped for the contest—Zatilla and Rowgalley having taken in their oars. Lady Hare made play with Goliah for a time, but finally yielded to superior strength. Nullifier and the persus Chevalier holding themselves in reserve. The course was fetlock deep in mud, and the riders came in enveloped in that commodity, like East Indian mummies—time of this heat was by Goliah in 4 m. 10 s.

For the third heat Goliah was the favourite, though the backers of Bayard were by no means dismayed. Nullifier, tough as white leather, just began to feel himself, and Betsey Hare was ready and willing to repeat—the contest settled down finally, between Bayard and Nullifier, the former coming out at length ahead, and winning the third heat in 4 m. 4. s.

And soon again the bugle sounded the fourth, and as it proved the last heat. Three only answered to the call, and they rushed from the goal "like a mighty current, with its loud surges bursting along." Goliah was now the decided favorite, though the friends of Bayard true to his motto—*sans peur et sans reproche*, stood firmly by him; and now it was evident that Nullifier meant to *stick to the track* as long as there was the least chance of attaining the object for which he *subscribed the compact*. At New Market, he took the stud, deeming it unconstitutional to have a strange rider "saddled on his back," *solens volens*, and chose rather than pay the impost, that was *heavily laid on him*, to be put beyond the pale, and was accordingly distanced; but now, being governed by a rider of his own choice, the calls upon him were *freely made* and *as freely answered*. Like his renowned sire, he showed that he needed and *could bear the lash*. There had been one dead heat; Goliah had taken one; Bayard one, and should this be taken by Nullifier, there must be five heat. To these three the field was yielded for the direful struggle, Goliah keeping in the rear, leaving his antagonists to worry each other, they dashed off, neck and neck, roweled to the spur's head at every jump, and now cleared one of the most doubtful contests that was ever exhibited on the turf. Bayard generally a little ahead, was passed by Nullifier in the last mile—the welkin rang with shouts of acclamation, but all was hushed again into breathless silence as they came rattling down the quarter stretch "swifter than the scowling blast of spring. Swifter than a thousand streams of the hills when loud, strong and maddening with the roar of winter, they rush from the deserts. A contest to be matched with this, I never in my days surveyed." All eyes were fixed on the desperate encounter between Nullifier and Bayard. Goliah was forgotten, so far was he in the rear on entering the quarter stretch. But at the judges' stand, he astonished multitude. He stretched out his neck to seize the purse, betting only by *that much*, his noble rivals, between whom it was proclaimed a *dead heat*. Thus was won by a gallant son of a gallant sire, at four heats, severely contested, and made deep—as it will long be remembered for its continuance, vicissitude and uncertainty to the very last moment! Time, 4 m 7 s.

For the Jockey Club purse on the third day, I had the pleasure to see eight come to the post.—Andrew, Sparrow-Hawk, Sally Hornet, Maria West, Turk, Dolly Dixon and Mohawk. This race was won by Andrew in two heats. Mohawk was only contended with Andrew at the first, and was unable to make him run, as appears by the time, 8m. 43s. The others held back, supposing Sally Hornet would fly up when she found Mohawk moving with a strong wind, but she chose to rely on her ability to repeat, and thus this heat was fairly thrown away. Nearly all made play in the second heat, but Sally had evidently lost her stride since her victorious run of twelve miles in the previous week. Andrew came in far ahead on a bearing rein in 8m. 23s. *Mem.* He was once called Andrew *Jackson*, but his name has been cut in half, it being found that whilst he bore that of Jackson—nothing could *make him run*.

It is on this day, most especially, that the Club dine together on the ground, and a merry time, Mr. Editor, *we had of it*. With their sparkling Champaigne, and old beeswing, and men of Hanover, and the Cock family from Chesterfield, to sing, they make one laugh and drink until *all's blue*. Had I remained a week longer in the "Ould Dominion," I should have been *used up stock and flake*—and, Lord bless you, sir, they don't mind it no more than nothing. They're all cast iron and steel, and nothing else can stand against them.

The first race on the fourth day was for sweepstakes, mile heats—seven paid forfeit, leaving the field to the beautiful Mary Randolph, who was now to run her match race, and Capt. Branch's superb colt, raised by Mr. Winfree. For the filly $1,500 were refused before, and $2,000 after the race; for the colt Mr. Winfree had refused $3,000 had blunt—both these superior nags were by Gohanna. The race was won by Mary Randolph, in two heats—time 1 m. 53 s.—1 m. 57 s. In the first heat the gallant colt strove hard to put his beautiful competitor back that there was no daylight between them. In repeating, she held him at a more respectful distance. The race was as beautiful as only two beautiful nags could make it, kindly; in no much, that at one time $3,100 were refused after the race. On the same day Annette, sister of Mary Randolph, won the proprietor's purse, two mile heats, at three heats: time 3m. 58s.—4 m. 12 s.—and 3 m. 56 s. It can rarely have occurred that the produce of the same dam on the same day, should win two purses, and in a manner so creditable. General Brooks, by Sir Archy, took the first heat in fine style, and is manifest a fine horse, doing credit to his noble stock, but shewing in this case how inexplicable are the causes of success, and how the best thing may throw a chance away, through want of condition. At Fairfield, he had won the first heat in 3 m. 53 s. and run the second in 3 m. 48 s.

Thus terminated the sports of Tree Hill, for the spring; and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the course was very numerously attended, and the city filled with gratified visiters. A most sumptuous and elegant ball was given during the week at the Eagle Tavern, where, if the ladies were not as numerous as might have been expected, the rays of each one's beauty being more divided, fell on a greater number of objects, reflecting warmth and happiness on the oldest and coldest bachelor amongst them.

VOYICE.

PICKING THE BONES FROM SHAD.—The Standard claims the merit of having invented a machine for picking the bones from shad, for which some Philadelphia gentleman offered a reward the other day. The following is the Standard's description:

"A wheel and crank, (A) turned by your foot, has a strap connected with a steel spindle (B) which passes through your cars, and to which is fastened in your mouth a coarse toothed brass comb (C); the shad is to be thrown in, in moderate pieces, the spindle is set whirling, and the bones are separated by the comb teeth, and thrown out over the left shoulder, while the prepared fish is put safely to its natural use. Please remit the $500 in U. S. Bank bills; they are good enough for the present, and upon receiving a premium you shall receive a "power of attorney" to take out and use the patent."

If this invention does not answer the purpose, says the Journal of Commerce, we will propose a substitute, which has been communicated to us by a good lady of Connecticut.

RECIPE.

Take a fine fresh shad and fill it with rich force-meat; rub it over well with butter and flour, and sew it close; lay it in a bake-pan, on splinters half an inch thick, to keep it from the bottom; cover it entirely with water, and put on a close *cover* to keep in the steam. Hang the bake-pan over a slow fire, just sufficient to keep the water boiling, and let it remain there six hours. On taking it off, "the small bones will be found dissolved, and the large ones loosened, so as to jelly." A very delicious dish will be the consequence.

THE SHAD MACHINE.—Here is another candidate for the premium offered for a "circumstance" that will extract the bones from shad. What think you of this invention of the Franklin Advertiser?

"Catch the fish alive, sprinkle him with 'Tariff,' 'Nullification,' and 'Georgia Indians;' then label him with the names of the several candidates for the presidency, and set him afloat among the editors of political papers; if his bones are not hetcheled out before you see him again, we will—forfeit the reward!"—Transcript.

SUMMARY PUNISHMENT.—Wiley Anderson said to be a murderer and a noted horse thief who resided in Hingham county in this State, fled from justice to South Carolina, and was taken in the Kinsborough District by Wm. Hanson, B. Wright, and P. Hodgins, but refused to stop, the three fired upon him and shot him dead. He was armed at the time with a pistol, charged with cockal.—*Georgian.*

☞ Mr. Slade a member of Congress, said something the other day in debate, which Mr. Plummer another member could not swallow—wherefore he spit it out. Was'nt that right?

The picture, through which one of the stones thrown into Apsley House on a recent occasion passed, was, we are sorry to hear, the portrait of Lady Lyndhurst, by Wilkie, exhibited last year in Somerset House. It was standing on the end of the table at which the Duke was writing; and we are told his Grace's head escaped the blow which has made such havoc in the fair Lady's bosom, only in consequence of his habit of sitting on a stool in place of a chair, while at work with the pen.

PARK.

Mrs. Sharpe took her benefit at this Theatre on Thursday, when were offered the extraordinary attractions of Mr. C. Kean's Richard III. with Mr. Hackett's Solomon Swop. Mrs. Sharpe was received on her first appearance for the evening in the most complimentary manner. Her very lady-like deportment and her constantly increasing merits as an actress, have won for her lasting and substantial honors. No lady on our boards enjoys a higher character, and no one is more deserving, or more truly appreciated.

Mr. Kean did the ,, crook'd back'd tyrant" great justice—his fencing was inimitable. This gentleman won thundering applauses for the very mild and magnanimous manner with which he bore the foolish attempt of some person to injure his feelings by throwing some missile on the stage. He merely removed it from beneath his foot in that Christian-like mode of heaping coals on the head of his pitiful assailer.

Mr. Hackett was at home in Solomon Swop, which by the way we greatly prefer to his Wildfire. Swap is the very beau ideal of a vulgar, low-bred Yankee—Wildfire is a caricature.

AMERICAN.

Master Mangeon has made his second and third appearance and continues to justify our predictions of his success. But Mangeon is a boy, and however perfect his performance, he must fail to attract overflowing houses. Precocious talent is getting stale, especially in the dramatic way. Such acting requires a continual stretch of the fancy to invest it with any thing like reality. Merely the striking difference in height between a strutting boy and a well-proportioned man, deprives the scene of all dramatic illusion, and renders it tame and insipid. Yet Master M. is a very clever boy, with a good voice, striking attitudes and graceful gestures, and we will venture the prediction that with his riper manhood will be realized the accomplishment of a first rate tragedian.

MRS. BARNYMORE has added greatly to the attractions of the American, and her judicious and spirited acting must continue to draw good houses. Her "Brigand's Wife" is a most perfect thing of the kind, and was enthusiastically applauded. The scenery in this popular drama is entirely new and striking, the costume and decorations peculiarly appropriate.

RICHMOND HILL.

The swimming manner in which every thing goes on at this favorite theatre, leaves us but little to remark upon. Mr. Barnes has made a very judicious and liberal arrangement, by which a purchaser of a ticket at any of our Hotels, is entitled to a gratuitous conveyance to the Theatre in any of the Greenwich stages. The strength of the company is nightly put into requisition, and we need not say it is very effective.

MOSS. & Madame Achille have been winning admiration on the "fantastic toe" the past week, and last night were to have a benefit: we have not learned the result, but fancy from the attractive bill of the evening's entertainment that they "put money in *their* purse."

From the Boston Centinel and Palladium.

TO MISS HUGHES.

Oh, grant, ye nine! I may not fall
To shanie, when *I* my goose-quill use!
For although to my *muse* I call
In truth, I call not to a *muse*.

Around my subject, Cupid! fling
The brightest colors art can choose—
While some *fair hues of beauty* sing,
I sing the *beauty of fair Hughes*.

And all the world shall hear my strains,
By thy seraphic beauty fired—
I'll climb me to a *steeple-top*,
There, heard by all, I'll sing *inspired*.

Those glossy tresses, love, that shine
To glad all hearts, from box to box—
Would I might *steal one* curl of thine!
That thief like I might *pick thy locks*.

Can any envious one upbraid
Thy *motions* never seanned before?
Can there be *railing* at those *steps*,
That bring me to a-dore?

Then haste: engage an early seat
And mind you've cash enough to nick it;
For Craft, I need not now repeat,
Allows no *ticking* to a *ticket*.

L. FIN.

OLD THEATRE IN JOHN ST.

From Dunlap's History of the American Stage.

A corps dramatique was formed, and the Theatre in John street opened on the 25th of January, 1771. The Manager, for several years, and principal low comedian, was Doct. Beaumont, Surgeon-General of his Majesty's Army in America. We remember his Scrub and Mock Doctor characters, which seen a few years after in London, as performed by Quick and Edwin, appeared, such is the force of first impressions in early life, very inferior to the Manager-Doctor of John st. Col. French played Scrub likewise with great success. Women's characters, as in the time of Shakspeare, were frequently performed by the younger subalterns of the army, and we have before us the name of Lieut. Pennefeather as Estifania, in the well known Rule a Wife of Beaumont and Fletcher. It is to be hoped that the Allies of the English arms, the Mohawks, Senecas, Onondagos, and the supporters of his Majesty's honor and assertors of the cause of justice, mercy and humanity, were ignorant that the warriors of their great father, George, submitted to the degradation of the petticoat.

Major Williams, of the artillery, was the hero of tragedy, the Richard and Macbeth of the company, and the heroine bore his name though not received as the legal possessor. Her comedy had great merit. Mrs. Sullen and Clarinda are particularly remembered. There were other females associated with the company, such as had "followed the drum," and these were paid for their services at the rate of two, three and four guineas each performance. The names of Capt. Oliver Delancy, 17th Dragoons; Capt. Michael Seix, 22d foot; Capt. Wm. Loftus, guards; Capt. Edward Bradden, 15th foot; Lieut. Pennefather, Capt. Phillips, Capt. Stanley, Wm. Hewlet and Wm. C. Howlet, are recorded with that of Major Andre, as performing at this time. We remember, beside these, many others, afterwards known in London, where peace and half-pay had deprived them of much of the heroic splendor which surrounded them in the streets and on the stage of New-York.

The house in John street was now called the "Theatre Royal." The play-bills were headed "Charity," and sometimes "For the Benefit of orphans and widows of Soldiers."

On the 9th of January, 1773, the Theatre Royal was opened with Douglas and the Apprentice. Galeno Mercury of the 15th, says the audience was a crowded one, and the play received with universal applause.

Cumberland's West Indian was first played in America, on the 15th of January, 1778. The house was so thronged as to exclude numbers who had purchased tickets. The receipts amounted to £310 or $776. Both the new plays, Douglas and the West Indian, were seen by the writer as represented by these performers. The Lady Randolph of Mrs. Siddons, is the only image of that character remaining on the tablets of his memory, but the military Major O'Flaherty, shares with the original Moody, and with John Henry, in making the picture of the best Irish gentleman belonging to the stage.

On the 27th of March, the tragedy of Othello was acted for performance. Major Moncrieff, of the Engineers, was the Othello, and from the following extract we may gather that the Major had performed, for his amusement, before the war, with the company of Douglas in New-York. "The gentleman who it is said is to appear in Othello, Major Moncrieff, of the Engineers, is eminent in tragedy, and has *figured much to his reputation in all the distinguished part some years ago in this city*, to a crowded audience, and, therefore, much may be expected from his talents, for the charitable purpose which occasions his present appearance."

As the officers had musicians at hand in their regimental bands, the orchestra was better filled than in the times of the early players. They had four violins, a bass and a dollar the night. Their scenery is said to have been wretched. Their dresses elegant.

When the British army took possession of Philadelphia, the theatre in Southwick was opened and supported as that in John street continued to be. Major Andre and Capt. Delancy were the scene painters here also, and it is recorded that a display of certain painted by the first continued to be used as long as the house stood.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A SECOND ROSE MCORME.

On Friday last a Scotch lass, of favorable appearance, 16 or 18 years of age, was discovered on board of the ship Emperor, working with, and in the same garb as the sailors. Her story has excited considerable attention, and we have learnt it thus: Being unable to obtain employment in New York, where she had landed from Scotland, she procured a seaman's dress, and shipped on board of the ship Plato as *Cabin Boy*. During the passage to this port the mate beat some of the seamen, and the cabin boy also twice, when the captain on arriving here, fearing they would desert, locked the chests in the cabin, and the cabin was being found filled with women's gear, instead of seaman's duds, the owner was compelled to confess the imposition, and was turned adrift on shore. She afterwards (still in male attire) proceeded on board the ship Emperor to work her passage to New York, and she was actually engaged in the arduous labor of discharging ballast when the number of persons whom the rumor of a mal appropos discovery on board the Plato, kept curiously gazing around the Emperor, attracted Captain Foy's notice, and the cheat was again discovered and confessed with tears and manifest distress. Captain F. however, humanely kept her on board, had her properly apparelled, and means to convey her to his family as a domestic. The President of St. Andrew's Society, and other gentlemen of character, have tendered any assistance to the girl that she may want.—*Savannah Georgian.*

Remedy for the Sting of a Wasp.—Press the pipe of a key upon the part stung for a minute or two, when the pain will cease, and the swelling disappear.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

Another race between the gigs Little Cherub and Eagle, for a subscription purse of 5s. to the winners, will come off on Monday afternoon next. The Eagle is to be rowed by a crew from the American schooner Hiram now in port, and the Little Cherub by a crew from some of the merchant ships.—*Quebec Gaz.*

Lately, a hawk was seen hovering over the residence of a gentleman at Richmond, Yorkshire. The servants caught the bird, which appeared remarkably tame. Round its neck was a collar of red leather, with the owner's name (no doubt) written thereon, E. J. Penrose, Lostwithiel, Cornwall. It may, therefore, be inferred, that this "traveller" has flown from one extremity of the country to the other, a distance of no less than 450 miles, and has eloped from some hospitable home.

An eel was lately caught near Inverness, Scotland, of an extraordinary size; the length of it was 5 1-2 feet, and it weighed 32 1-4 lbs.

An Englishman cannot travel a mile in a stage-coach in the United States without being asked whether he has been on the Liverpool Railroad. In Europe, and in France particularly, it is,—"Have you seen de Tunnel under de Thames?" It is the wonder in forwarding the prosperity of a country that suggests the American query; whilst with the Frenchman the utility is entirely out of the question; he thinks only of the revelry and the magnitude of the undertaking, and never fails to remark that the engineer was a native of France.

It is remarked on with the greatest surprise by the Parisians that the English escaped the cholera, for with them it is comparatively harmless. Superior cleanliness, probably, explains the mystery.

A French paper states that a short time since an inhabitant of St. Omer, wishing to destroy a dog which was getting too old, took it to the river, tied a stone to its neck with a string, threw it in, and walked away immediately. As he was going home, he found that he had lost a pocket handkerchief. As he was returning towards the spot where he had thrown in the dog, he met the animal running with the handkerchief in his mouth. It appears that the stone had slipped and given him a respite, when, finding the handkerchief but not his master, it ran with it to seek him, and manifested such joy on presenting it to him as occasioned sharp feelings of remorse for the attempt on the life of the faithful servant.

Lord Byron (says Moore's Life of Byron) always called the Boros and Blues the two great enemies of London happiness.

A throstle lately built her nest in a gin-wheel of one of Lord Bradford's collieries, at Burnden, and is now sitting upon five eggs; and, although constantly in the company of human beings, is undismayed even by the rotatory motion of the wheel, which is worked upon a perpendicular shaft. The time of hatching is eagerly looked for by the workmen, who take great interest in the fate of their feathered friend.

When it was announced in the hall of the four courts that O'Connell and his family had been *carried off* by the cholera, (or apprehensions of it,) one of the long robe declared that the news was incredible, inasmuch as Dan was the last man in Ireland likely to turn his back on an *intestine commotion*.

A watch was stolen in the pit of the Opera in Paris; the loser complained in a loud voice, and said, "It is just nine; in a few minutes my watch will strike; the second is strong, and by that means we shall ascertain where it is." The thief, terrified at this, endeavored to escape, and by his agitation discovered himself.

In a paper read at a late meeting in the College of Physicians, it was gravely affirmed that the inhabitants of St. Kilda, (one of the Hebrides,) one and all, catch cold whenever a stranger lands upon the island!

A member of Parliament of considerable influence once applied to Mr. Pitt for permission to enter one of the royal parks through a particular gate, and was told it was impossible. As a substitute, however, the minister offered to make him an Irish peer.

Among the curiosities which are shown to travellers at Cologne is the first animal that drew blood, and thus broke the general peace; namely, the flea that bit Eve the night after her fall. The bite must have been of rather a formidable nature for this antediluvian flea is nearly as large as a well grown prawn.

SKETCHES BY THE WAY.—Delightful morning in June—awoke at five o'clock—scampered down stairs—mounted horse—(can't stop to describe him)—in twenty minutes escaped the villainous pavements on the Bowery—(mem. oranda: such a neck ought to be broke—too long—must be compromised.)—found myself in Roxbury—pretty town—Norfolk Bank—unique style of architecture—very pleasant prospect—falls on the left hand—mill on the right—very pretty stream—live and die in it, as the old woman said—lards hanging—nicely—grown very tender hearted lately—don't know what ails me—I pose I'm in love—can't bare to shoot them; because I've got no gun—trying to frighten the horse—guess if he comes behind, he'll wonder what kicked him—saw one of the fantasticals in regimentals—excellent soldier—captain of his own company, consisting of himself—think he'd make a very good scare-crow—mounted a hill—beautiful scenery—trees in full blossom—air loaded with perfume—very fond of the country—disposed to meditate—"twont do—can't turn farmer now—fine view of a ruined castle from the hill—wonder how it came there—guess it's all for effect.

"Its broken pillars useless lie,
They tell of time's resistless power,
Each wreck of ancient art bears testimony,
And screams the owl at midnight hour."

Doubt it—don't believe they keep owls there—poet of the owl species—guess he sees best in the dark—just going to poetize myself—horse got the tantrums—reckon he wished I got down first—broke—very much swollen—mud cheap as dirt—Jamaica pond—limpid sheet of water—glad it's clean—all the better for dickies—seen them sometimes when they needed soap too—cantered round the pond—trot—trot—arrived home.

MORAL. Get up with the sun—take equestrian exercise once a week, at least—and you will never regret it.—TRANSCRIPT.

PARIS FASHIONS.—Small Bonnets.—A letter from Paris, April 15, says: "The ladies' fashions are now more remarkable for being unbecoming and absurd than elegant and tasteful as formerly. They now wear bonnets which give them the most ridiculous appearance imaginable. This bonnet is something between the gipsey and the cottage, it may be worn by the side of shape in reference to that which "shape hath none," and is so small that it scarcely covers the head. The highest ambition of a Parisian belle appears to be able to say that no one has been seen in a smaller bonnet than her own. Every woman looks as if she had a baby's bonnet stuck at random over half the forehead. Never was a more absurd general. There is a very fury for small bonnets—from the cuisiniere to the Duchess—all ranks, figures and degrees, invest themselves with the chapeau de rigueur. I no English woman think of coming to Paris without curtailing her bonnet of at least two-thirds of its fair proportion. As to the immense bonnets which were formerly the fashion in London, and even in Paris, the very sight of one now would create a sensation only to be equalled by the clothes-press of or the graceful feats of the elephant Chmy."

UNPARALLELED PARSIMONY.—Monsieur Vandeville was one of the most remarkably men in Paris for his avarice. In the year 1735 he was worth one million sterling. At the age of 32 he contracted a fever, which obliged him to send, for the first time in his life, for a surgeon to bleed him, who asking him tenpence for the operation was dismissed. He sent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand. He sent for, a barber, who at length agreed to undertake the operation for threepence a time; but says the stingy old fellow, "How often will it be requisite to bleed?" Three times answered the barber.—"And what quantity of blood do you intend to take?" About eight ounces was the answer.—"That will be ninepence—too much—too much," said the miser, "I have determined to adopt a cheaper way—take the whole quantity you design to take at three times at one, and it will save me sixpence;" this being insisted upon, he lost 24 ounces of blood, which caused his dissolution in a few days, and he left his immense property to the King!

We understand that a person by the name of HAAS, a stout athletic man, residing at Chesnut Hill, died last week from the injury received in attempting to procure stock in the Western Bank. He was dragged out of the fierce crowd, by a rope, in an exhausted state—was taken home and survived but a few days. We do not know the particulars, but believe him unmarried.

A CHALLENGE.—When Judge Thatcher was many years ago member of Congress from Massachusetts, he was challenged to a duel, by Mr. Blount, member from North Carolina, for words spoken in debate. The Judge, on reading the message from Blount, after adjusting his wig and revolutionary hat, said to the bearer—"Give my respectful compliments to your master, and tell him he cannot have a definitive answer to-day. Let him be patient a short time, till I can write to Portland and receive an answer. I always consult MY WIFE, on matters of importance; well knowing that she is a better judge of family affairs than myself. If she consents to the choice of becoming a widow, or having her husband HANG

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

From the New-York Traveller.

FANCY'S FREAK.

O! who has not heard of the row in Killarney,
'Twixt Morgan Ap Jenkin, and Paddy O'Blarney;
The one was a dealer in leathers and mittils:
The other towld fortunes, and prigg'd for his vittels;
But now, for a purse of a pound and a crown sir,
They came up to the scratch to knock each other down sir.
Now Paddy was tall as a poplar and slender;
While Morgan was stump as a milestone, and tender,
And he look'd like the man in the moon with his faggot,
As red as a brick, and as fierce as a maggot.
For his carrotty locks, from a castor that crowned him,
Like the banner of Persia hung raggedly round him;
But Och! could I bellow a ballet like Homer,
My staff to a twig, but I'd give you a comber;—
I'd sing how they knuckled and buckled together—
How their brogues cut the mud, and their blood stain'd the heather,
And how as they thump'd, all the mountains in wonder
Re-echo'd (that's latin) their thumping in thunder.
Round first,—there was little to sing in a ballet
'Til Pat, with a wipe like the stroke of a mallet,
Came plump on the noddle of Davy the gypsey,
And he fell like a pig, or an alderman, tipsey.
Round second, the stout little gypsey has risen,
And jump'd like a frog at the Irishman's wizen,
Who, nothing dismay'd at a mode so uncivil,
Gave the Welshman a tug would have staggered the divil:
Now the leeks were all mum, and the shamrocks uproarious,
For Paddy again on the ground was victorious.
Round third, and the Welshman gave Paddy a corker,
Round fourth, he was floored in his turn like a porker;
Round fifth, sixth and seventh, it was hard to say whether
If either, would win it, or both win together.
Now they rose, both alike, in their glory surrounded,
Though faith, twas a match rather oddly compounded,
For Paddy was long, as the sign of a scraper;
And nearly as bare, and as bloody and taper:
While Morgan so thick, and so cover'd with mud all
[illegible] look'd more like a woolsack just dragged thro' a puddle.
[illegible] who can lend us a lift when we're flagging,
[illegible] lend me a rhyme and I'll give ye a naggin,
Till I sing (though I weep at the tragical story,)
What deeds were accomplish'd for money and glory.
[illegible] they were up, and their mawlers were ready,
[illegible] could nick in the shape of the lady
[illegible] Ap Jenkins; and e'er he could stop her,
For Paddy, she fell'd to the floor with a whopper.
[illegible] O'Blarney—a woman of honor,
[illegible] "so so" when the fit was upon her,
[illegible] to the scuffle in less than a jiffy,
And down went poor Morgan like lead in the Liffey.
O you! is it Murphy they call you—that fiddled
Your wife out of hell when the devil you diddled?
Come give us a scrape—as my fight it grows faster,
'Till I sing how each lady out master'd her master.
Caps, tuckers, and collars were torn to a ribbon,
And soon they had neither a gown nor a bib on;
And the banks of their eyes—or as poets say, peepers,
Were put in to mourning and muffled in weepers.—
I have done, as 'twere vain for to sing how together,
They soss'd in the bog, or they roll'd on the heather;
But thus was that battle of battles decided:—
As neither had won it, the purse was divided.
Then they reel'd to a tent—so we'll finish our story,
And leave them surrounded in whiskey and glory.

HARP OF CAROLAN.

SPORT FOR GENTLEMEN.—Take a double barrel fowling-piece, with shot-bag and pouch, go into the fields and shoot the little birds that destroy the worms on the trees and the insects upon the plants. If by your success the field birds should be killed off or frightened away, set yourself down upon a bank, and try your hand upon the useful and harmless swallows who are skimming the meadows on their swiftest wing. It will show your skill as a marksman, and the pleasure of their dying scream will be greatly enhanced by the reflection that their unfledged offspring will die of starvation in their nests.—*Conn. Herald.*

DEFINITION OF A TORY.—The new Edinburgh Magazine, got up in opposition to Blackwood's, has made its appearance, and the Whig papers praise it very much. The following definition of a tory is given in the Magazine:

"We pity a poor man for being a tory in these hard times. He is a poor creature that the march of events has left behind; a duck-legged drummer boy who cannot keep up with the regiment. He is a being of a by-gone age, singing a new song; telling a forgotten tale; his mind is hung with cobwebs; he is a preter pluperfect tense of politics; an extract from the lumber room, where we have thrown our ghosts, witches, and alchemists."

When you confer a favor, great suavity of manners is necessary to smooth the feeling of obligation which naturally arises in your friend's breast; and in exacting justice, or requiring your due, politeness is not less necessary to soften the seeming unkindness.—*Seacoal.*

The Shenandoah Va. Sentinel congratulates its readers on the multiplication of marriages. "Whatever may be the present prospects of the wheat crop, to reward the labor of the husbandman, it cannot be denied that Hymen has reaped a golden harvest since the genial zephyrs of spring have fanned nature into life and broke the chain of winter's frigid reign."—Quite poetical and to the purpose.

AWFUL NAMES.—We heard a tyro in literature the other day complaining of the *awful* names which were given to Steamboats at the South, for said he "the papers are full of paragraphs, relating to Steam Boat Calamity, Steam Boat Accident, Steam Boat Disaster, and Steam Boat Catastrophe. I wonder what they will have next?"

NEVER BUY ANY THING AT THE DOOR.—An old bachelor, who resides in Ark lane, Brixton, in order to prevent itinerant traders from annoying him by knocking at the door to dispose of their wares, had affixed to his knocker a label to this effect.—"The inhabitant of this house never buys any thing at the door—hawkers beware!" He was dreadfully annoyed a few days ago, by a loud knocking at his parlor window, and on looking out he saw two fellows with clothes, linens, mats and [illegible] to sell. Throwing up the sash in a pretty considerable rage he accosted them thus—'Can you read?'—'Yes, master,' said the hawker. 'Then don't you see a notice affixed to my knocker that I never buy any thing at the door?' 'To be sure we do, so we thought we would make bold, and try to do a little business at the parlor window.'—The fellow's wit pacified the old bachelor, who straightway made a purchase. He has sent for a painter, and had the following added to his announcement'—Nor at the window either.'

A CHAPTER ON AMERICA.

American Cooking—Evening Parties—Dress.

In relating all I know of America, I surely must not omit so important a feature as the cooking. There are sundry anomalies in the mode of serving even a first rate table; but as these are altogether matters of custom, they by no means indicated either indifference or neglect in this important business; and whether castors are placed on the table or on the sideboard, whether soup, fish, pastries, and salad be eaten in orthodox order or not, signifies but little. I am hardly capable, I fear, of giving a very erudite critique on the subject; general observations, therefore, must suffice. The ordinary mode of living is abundant, but not delicate. They consume an extraordinary quantity of bacon. Ham and beef steaks appear morning, noon, and night. In eating, they mix things together with the strangest incongruity imaginable. I have seen eggs and oysters eaten together; the sempiternal ham with apple-sauce; beef-stake with stewed peaches; and salt fish with onions. The bread is every where excellent, but they rarely enjoy it themselves, as they insist upon eating horrible, half baked hot rolls, both morning and evening. The butter is tolerable; but they have seldom such cream as every little dairy produces in England; in fact the cows are very roughly kept, compared with ours. Common vegetables are abundant, and are very fine. I never saw seacle, or cauliflowers, and, either from the want of summer rain, or the want of care, the harvest of green vegetables is much sooner over than with us.—They eat the Indian corn in a great variety of forms; sometimes it is dressed green, and eaten like peas; sometimes it is broken to pieces when dry, boiled plain, and brought to the table like rice; this dish is called hominy. The flour of it is made into at least a dozen different sorts of cakes; but, in my opinion, all bad. This flour, mixed in the proportion of one third with fine wheat, makes by far the best bread I have ever tasted.

I never saw turbot, salmon, or fresh cod; but the rock and shad are excellent. There is a great want of skill in the composition of sauce; not only with fish, but with every thing. They use very few made dishes, and I never saw any that would be approved by our SAVANS. They have an excellent wild duck, called the canvass-back, which, if delicately served, would surpass the clack-clock; but the game is very inferior to ours; they have no hares, and I never saw a pheasant. They seldom indulge in second courses, with all their ingenious temptations to the eating a second dinner; but almost every table has its dessert, (which is placed on the table before the cloth is removed, and consists of pastry, preserved fruits, and creams. They are "extravagantly fond," to use their own phrase, of puddings, pies, and all kinds of "sweets," particularly the ladies; but they are by no means such connoisseurs in soups and ragouts as the gastronomers of Europe. Almost every one drinks water at the table, and, by a strange contradiction, in a country where hard drinking is more prevalent than in any other, there is less wine taken at dinner; ladies rarely exceed one glass, and the great majority of females never take any.—In fact, the hard drinking, so universally acknowledged, does not take place at jovial dinners, but, to speak plain English, in solitary dram-drinking. Coffee is not served immediately after dinner, but makes part of the serious matter of tea-drinking, which comes some hours later. Mixed dinner parties of ladies and gentlemen are very rare, and, unless several foreigners are present, but little conversation passes at the table. It certainly does not, in my opinion, add to the well ordering of a dinner table, to set the gentlemen at one end of it and the ladies at the other; but it is very rarely that you find it otherwise.

Their large evening parties are supremely dull; the men sometimes play cards by themselves, but if a lady plays, it must be for money; no ecarte, no chess—very little music, and that little lamentably bad. Among the blacks I heard some good voices, singing in tune—but I scarcely ever heard a white American male or female, go through an air without being out of tune before the end of it; nor did I ever meet any trace of science in the singing I heard in society. To eat inconceivable quantities of cake, ice and pickled oysters, and to show half their revenue in silks and satins, seems to be the chief object that they have in these parties.

The most agreeable meetings, I was assured by all the young people, were those to which no married women are admitted; of the truth of this statement I have not the least doubt. These exclusive meetings occur frequently, and often last to a late hour; on these occasions I believe they generally dance. At regular balls, married ladies are admitted, but seldom take a part in the amusement. The refreshments are always profuse and costly, but taken in a most uncomfortable manner. I have known many private balls, where every thing was on the most liberal scale of expense, where the gentlemen sat down to supper in one room, while the ladies took theirs standing, in another.

What we call pic-nics are very rare, and when attempted, do not often succeed well. The two sexes can hardly mix for the greater part of a day without great restraint and ennui; it is quite contrary to their general habits; the favorite indulgences of the gentlemen (smoking segars and drinking spirits) can neither be indulged in with decency, nor resigned with complacency.

The ladies have strange ways of adding to their charms. They powder themselves immoderately, face, neck and arms, with pulverised starch; the effect is indescribably disagreeable by daylight, and not very favorable at any time. They are also most unhappily partial to false hair, which they wear in surprising quantities; this is the more to be lamented, as they generally have very fine hair of their own. I suspect this fashion to arise from an indolent mode of making their toilet, and from accomplished ladies' maids not being very abundant; it is less trouble to append a bunch of waving curls here, there, and every where, than to keep their native tresses in perfect order.

Though the expense of the ladies' dress greatly exceeds, in proportion to their general style of living, that of the ladies of Europe, it is very far (excepting in Philadelphia) from being in good taste. They do not consult the seasons in the colors or in the style of their costume—I have often shivered at seeing a young beauty picking her way through the snow with a pale rose-colored bonnet, set on the top of her head; I knew one young lady whose pretty little ear was actually frost-bitten from being thus exposed. They never wear muffs or boots, and appear extremely shocked at the sight of comfortable walking shoes and cotton stockings, even when they have to step to their sleighs over ice and snow. They walk in the middle of winter with their poor little toes pinched into a miniature slipper, incapable of excluding as much moisture as might bedew a primrose.—I must say, in their excuse, however, that they have, almost universally, very pretty feet.—They do not walk well, nor, in fact, do they ever appear to advantage when in movement. I know not why this should be, for they have abundance of French dancing masters among them, but somehow or other, it is the fact. I fancied I could often trace a mixture of affectation and of shyness in their little mincing, unsteady step, and the ever changing position of the hands. They do not dance well; perhaps I should rather say, they do not look well dancing; lovely as their faces are, they cannot, in a position that exhibits the whole person, atone for the want of TOURNURE, and for the universal defect in the formation of the bust, which is rarely full, or gracefully formed.

I never saw an American man walk or stand well; notwithstanding their frequent militia drillings, they are nearly all hollow chested and round shouldered; perhaps this is occasioned by no officer daring to say to a brother free-born "hold up your head;" whatever the cause, the effect is very remarkable to a stranger. In stature, and in physiognomy, a great majority of the population, both male and female, are strikingly handsome, but they know not how to do their own honors; half as much comeliness elsewhere would produce ten times as much affect.

Mrs. Trollope's domestic manners of the Americans.

LION HUNTING.

Mr. Pringle, who had extraordinary opportunities of observing the habits of the half civilized natives of Southern Africa, and of becoming acquainted with the characteristics of the wild beasts with which that part of the world abounds, has given us a very good description of the Lion hunt, in which he and several of his countrymen, all somewhat inexperienced in such adventures, was engaged. Mr. Pringle was a settler on the eastern frontier of the Cape Colony; and in 1822 was residing on his farm, or "location," at Bavian's River. We should deprive his account of a Lion hunt of its interest, if we attempted to give it in any other than his own words:—

"One night a Lion, that had previously purloined a few sheep out of my kraal, came down and killed my riding horse, about one hundred yards from the door of my cabin.—Knowing that the Lion, when he does not carry off his prey, usually conceals himself in the vicinity, and is very apt to be dangerous, by prowling about the place in search of more game, I resolved to have him destroyed or dislodged without delay. I therefore sent a messenger round the location, to invite all who were willing to assist in the enterprise, to repair to the rendevous as speedily as possible. In an hour every man of the party, (with the exception of two pluckless fellows who were kept at home by the women,) appeared ready mounted, and armed. We were also reinforced by about a dozen of the "Bastaard" or Mulatto Hottentots, who resided at that time upon our territory as tenants, or herdsmen,—an active and enterprising, though rather an unsteady race of men. Our friends, the Tarka boors, many of whom are excellent Lion hunters, were all too far distant to assist us—our nearest neighbors, residing at least twenty miles from the location. We were therefore, on account of our own inexperience, obliged to make our Hottentots the leaders of the chase.

"The first point was to track the Lion to his covert. This was effected by a few of the Hottentots, on foot. Commencing from the spot where the horse was killed, they followed the SPOOR* through grass, and gravel, and brushwood, with astonishing ease and dexterity, where an inexperienced eye could discern neither footprint nor mark of any kind, until, at length, we fairly tracked him into a large BOSCH, or straggling thicket of brushwood and evergreens, about a mile distant.

"The next object was to drive him out of this retreat, in order to attack him in close phalanx, and with more safety and effect. The approved mode in such cases is to torment him with dogs till he abandons his covert, and stands at bay in the open plain. The whole band of hunters then march forward together, and fire deliberately, one by one. If he does not speedily fall, and grows angry, and turns upon his enemies, they must then stand close in a circle, and turn their horses rear-outward—some holding them fast by the bridles, while the others kneel to take a steady aim at the Lion as he approaches, sometimes up to the very horses heels—crouching every now and then, as if to measure the distance and strength of his enemies. This is the moment to shoot him fairly in the forehead, or some other mortal part. If they continue to wound him ineffectually till he waxes furious and desperate; or if the horses, startled by his terrific roar, grow frantic with terror, and burst loose, the business becomes rather serious, and may end in mischief—especially if all the party are not men of courage, coolness and experience. The frontier boors are however, generally such excellent marksmen, and withal so cool and deliberate, they seldom fail to shoot him dead, as soon as they get within a fair distance.

"In the present instance, we did not manage matters quite so scientifically. The Bastaards, after recounting to us all these and other sage laws of Lion hunting, were themselves the first to depart from them. Finding that the few indifferent hounds we had, made little impression on the enemy, they divided themselves into two or three parties, and rode round the jungle, firing into the spot where the dogs were barking round him, but without effect. At length after some hours spent in thus beating about the bush, the Scottish blood of some of my countrymen began to get impatient: and three of them announced their determination to march in and beard the Lion in his den, provided three of the Bastaards, (who were superior marksmen,) would support them, and follow up their fire, should the enemy venture to give battle. Accordingly, in they went, (in spite of the warnings of some more prudent men among us,) to within fifteen or twenty paces of the spot where the animal lay concealed. He was couched among the roots of a large evergreen bush, with a small space of open ground on one side of it; and they fancied on approaching, that they saw him distinctly, glaring at them from under the foliage.—Charging the Bastaards to stand firm and level fair should they miss, the Scottish champions let fly together, and struck—not the Lion, as it afterwards proved—but a great block of red stone, beyond which he was actually lying. Whether any of the shot grazed him is uncertain, but, with no other warning than a furious growl, forth he bolted from the bush. The pusillanimous Bastaards, in place of now pouring in their volley upon him, instantly turned, and fled helter-skelter, leaving him to do his pleasure upon the defenceless Scots—who, with empty guns, were tumbling over each other, in their hurry to escape the clutch of the rampant savage. In a twinkling he was upon them, and, with one stroke of his paw, dashed the nearest to the ground. The scene was terrific! There stood the Lion, with his foot upon his prostrate foe, looking round in conscious power and pride upon the bands of his assailants—and with a port the most noble and imposing than can be conceived. It was the most magnificent thing I ever witnessed. The danger of our friends, however, rendered it at the moment too terrible to enjoy either the grand or the ludicrous part of the picture. We expected to see one or more of them torn in pieces; nor, though the rest of the party were standing within fifty paces, with their guns cocked and levelled, durst we fire for their assistance. One was lying under the Lion's paw, and the others scrambling towards us in such a way as to intercept our aim at him. All this passed far more rapidly than I have described it. But luckily the Lion, after steadily surveying us a few seconds, seemed willing to be quits with us on fair terms; and with a fortunate forbearance, (for which he met but an ungrateful recompense,) turned calmly away, and, driving the snarling dogs like rats from among his heels, bounded over the adjoining thicket like a cat over a footstool, clearing brakes and bushes twelve or fifteen feet high as readily as if they had been tufts of grass, and, abandoning the jungle, retreated towards the mountains.

"After ascertaining the state of our rescued comrade, (who fortunately had sustained no other injury than a slight scratch on the back, and a severe bruise in the ribs, from the force with which the animal had dashed him to the ground,) we renewed the chase with Hottentots and hounds in full cry. In a short time we again came up with the enemy, and found him standing at bay under an old mimosa tree, by the side of a mountain-stream which we had distinguished by the name of Douglass Water. The dogs were barking round, but afraid to approach him, for he was now beginning to growl fiercely, and to brandish his tail in a manner that showed he was meditating mischief. The Hottentots, by taking a circuit between him and the mountain, crossed the stream, and took a position on the top of a precipice overlooking the spot where he stood. Another party of us occupied a position on the other side of the glen; and placing the poor fellow between two fires, which confused his attention, and prevented his retreat, we kept battering away at him, till he fell, unable again to grapple with us, pierced with many wounds.

* The Hottentot name for a footmark.

SALMON TROUT.

SEBAGO POND, MAINE.

Fort Preble, April, 1832.

MR. EDITOR,—I promised you some time since, to indite a *scrap* on the subject of Trout fishing, in Sebago Pond, as being such rare sport as is nowhere to be found south of N. H. This sport commences in March, when the trout are in the small tributaries of the pond, preying upon the spawn of the smelt. In May they follow the rafts, [particularly from the Songo] across the pond to the outlet, and are taken almost exclusively in this track. This fish partly resembles in habit and appearance, as the name imports, both the salmon and brook trout, being perhaps an intermediate species, and varies from two to fourteen lbs. in weight. But to catch them. We will suppose you have an ordinary trout rod, a reel with a multiplying power, (if you are an old angler, if not, the simpler the better,) with 200 feet of line, and I would recommend it of silk, unless you are fond of sporting your tackle: in which case grass will suit you better; this should flow freely through the rings; have a lead some four feet from the hook, with steel swivels fore and aft. We will suppose further, that you are at White's, near the outlet, an independent yeoman this, whose wife has such milk, cream and butter, as you don't see in Baltimore; and if she could make *coffee au lait*, and cook the trout *a-la-mode*, there would be nothing more to be desired. Well sir, we launch out in a fresh sunny spring morning, in a boat with two oarsmen, but we will sail if we can. And now bait the hooks with a minnow, a strip from the side of a chub, or even from that of the trout itself. Here permit me to inform you, that I may not to be troubled while taking a trout, that your killing artificials wont do; he may make one dash at it, but if he is missed, you may whistle for another.

Thus armed and equipped we let off from 40 to 60 feet of line according to the boat's way. The bait ought to be seen flashing in the wake almost at the surface (herein is a test of the excellence of the gear, for if the lead is too large or the bait dont traverse well on the swivels this flashing will not be observed) they will attract a fish from a distance. A large trout takes hold vigorously, but if you are not satisfied he has taken the hook, draw up the rod gently and he very naturally takes hold decidedly. Now twitch him gently, clear the reel, and exclaim "I've got him." The boat is *brought up* instantly, all hands wind up, to give you and the fish fair play, for now "comes the tug of war." The trout will generally spin off 100 or 150 feet of the line, and terminate the run by bounding entirely out of the water. This feat, which most commonly is repeated until he is exhausted, will give some idea of his size, and the manner in which he is hooked, when so far gone only to be able to show his tail now and then, the line is taken in cautiously, but returned freely if there is any disposition to run manifested. Sometimes he approaches the boat of his own accord, but when this is seen, he takes fresh alarm, and almost invariably, to avoid his strange enemy at the surface, sinks deep into the lake.

From this hiding place he is pulled by sheer force, the fly joint being all the while thrust into the water, to relieve the strain upon it. By this time he is brought to the surface; being pretty well exhausted, he begins to recline on his side. [illegible] but tow him to and fro as you draw him in, and when within reach of the net, let his head be raised slightly, and he is scooped up at a single motion. But if this latter operation should fail, he will most assuredly make a dying effort which not unfrequently proves successful. When fairly in the boat give him the *coup de grace*, fasten on a fresh bait and repeat the process as often as possible—so much for manipulation.

In May, 1830, I had the honor to form one of a pleasant party at the pond. The sport in the forenoon of the first day had been decidedly flat, so much so that we began to apprehend seriously, that the country people had exterminated the salmon in the canal, which they frequent when spawning. We launched and recommenced; the lake, to use a stale metaphor, was one huge mirror, reflecting back vastly more light and heat than was necessary for our well being. General A of the army, soon "declared he had one," the tension of the line, nodding of the rod, and whizzing of the reel placed the matter beyond doubt. All eyes were directed to see the leap and out he came, breaking the surface of the aforesaid mirror and regaling my eyes for the first time with the sight of a salmon trout. It now cut a variety of capers, sometimes bounding entirely, but at others merely springing to the surface, and splashing the water with head and tail; finally it took refuge, contrary to all precedent under the boat, and there annoyed the General exceedingly, by compelling him to shift his line from one side to the other frequently. It turned out a fine, active female, weighing upwards of 6 lbs. The General was a novice at this sport; his subsequent good fortune chagrined (I thought) Capt. B. of Cambridge, not a little, the latter being a veteran angler who makes a pilgrimage to Sebago Pond, as regularly as the most devout Hadji does to the holy city.

The stomach of this trout disclosed, on being opened, a half digested smelt, and several small beetles.

The same afternoon, a boy hitched a large trout from the bridge at the outlet, being hurried he gave up his rod to a bystander, who exhausted the trout *secundem artem*, but having neither net or gaff, towed it, into a small nook, whereupon an effort being made to drag it ashore, it broke loose. The boy not caring about ways and means, threw himself into the water, and by dint of scrapping and kicking actually forced the fish on the beach. A net is indispensable in taking in a salmon, and numerous instances of failure in consequence of the want of one could be adduced.

I tried once to draw in a fish by sheer force, but was so well convinced of the folly of the attempt that it was not repeated.

The Transcript notices the *appearance* of a 13 lb trout from Sebago Pond, in the Boston market: I read this with somewhat of the same delightful feeling with which a lottery adventurer looks over a "list of capitals sold at Sylvester's;" however, the editor must abate something from the *unparalleled* praise he bestows on him, for though a large trout, there have been his equals, and even better.

The fish of this beautiful lake, are, so far as my information extends, essentially different from those of any other, and combine activity with the power of protracted resistance, perhaps in a more eminent degree, than any other of the fresh water race. The pickerel, when he finds himself ensnared, after all his deliberation, will indeed whisk about with the speed of electricity; this however, is but momentary, he soon yields himself a passive captive. I've taken in Dick's river, in Kentucky, an active fish there called the *jumping perch*, that flounces about bravely when hooked, but to the salmon trout, tis the clumsy cur, compared to the fleet greyhound. There are, I must confess, some grievous drawbacks on this diversion: the fish are scarce. I've never taken more than six in a day and at least two of them were *racers*, (a slender subvariety or may be poverty-stricken individuals) besides on a hot calm day the salmon won't *bite*, and a party must recur to its own resources; 'tis then the enlivening anecdote comes into request, and each individual must contribute to the stock, for there is, save now and then the lonely scream of the loon from some secluded cove, absolutely nothing else to relieve the ear from death like silence. If however, you are of sentimental temperament, you may watch the snail-creeping raft, just emerging from some distant headland, and have, besides, one of America's grandest scenes to contemplate.

Am. Sporting Magazine.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK, A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER, ON THE PLAN OF Bell's Life in London, ENLARGED TO THE LARGEST CLASS IMPERIAL. The only similar Publication in the U. States; Devoted to The TURF, The CHASE, The ANGLER, The HUNTER;—Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, Fashion, Taste, The Drama, Police Reports and Scenes of Real Life.

TERMS.
Three dollars per annum, payable in advance.
Four dollars if not paid within Six months,
Five dollars if not paid within the year.

☞*Agents or Others are allowed one paper gratis for five responsible Subscribers, or they may retain a commission of 12 pr cent. when the money is remitted in advance. Agents on these terms, will be held responsible for every one for whom they may order our paper.*

Address, (*post-paid or left in the Post-Office,*)
WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.,
No. 35 WALL-STREET, New-York.

Dr. I. Francis, SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York.

REMOVAL. JOHN BURDELL, DENTIST, has removed his office from 229 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway ☞Entrance in Duane street.

REMOVAL. DR. S. BAKER & SON Dentists, have removed to 61 Bowery corner of Walker street, entrance in Walker St.

Friendship Tavern, BY Mrs Williams, 42 1-2 Bowery, New York. Harmonic Meetings, Tuesday and Saturday evenings.

Robert N. White, POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York.

THE COOK'S OWN BOOK—Being a complete Encyclopædia, comprehending all valuable receipts for cooking Meat, Fish, and Fowl, and comprising every kind of Soup, Gravy, Pastry, Preserves, Essences, &c. that have been published or invented during the last twenty years, with numerous original receipts and a complete system of Confectionary, this day published and for sale by Wm. STODART, 6 Courtlandt-st.

BEHEAN, HAIR CUTTER AND DRESSER, No. 411 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

ANTHONY BOUTETTE, Fashionable Hair Dresser and Perfumer, No. 44 CANAL ST. 4 doors east of Broadway. Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of *Perfumery* which he offers on the lowest terms.
His improved composition for coloring the Hair to a beautiful Brown, is well worthy the notice of the Public.
N. B. Razors put in complete order at the shortest notice.

L. I. COHEN, REFINED Black Lead Pencil and Everpoint Pencil manufacturer, and importer of Fancy Articles, 71 William-street New-York.

R. N. WHITE, **Engraver on Wood,** No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY, NEW-YORK.

BOARDING. VILLAGE Union Tavern, corner of Greenwich Lane, Christopher street, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs the public that the Tavern Department of the above house is stocked with the best Wines, Liquors, and Cordials, Beer, Cider, &c, and the Boarding, which is entirely separate from the Tavern, and conducted by Mrs. Traplagen, will be found equal to any in the City.
Emigrants arriving in this City will find the above place a desirable and pleasant retreat, being out of the noise and bustle, and situated in a most thriving and flourishing neighborhood.
For the convenience of Old Countrymen, a book will be kept for the insertion of the names of those wishing employment, and every exertion will be used on the part of the subscriber in obtaining situations, and rendering such service as applicants may require. Circulars will be sent to every manufacturing town in the United States requesting employers in want of mechanics and others, to address a line, by post to the subscriber, thereby opening a correspondence, which will eventually prove a service to the emigrant, and a benefit to the public at large.
The whole will be conducted gratuitously, and on a plan which will give general satisfaction.
European News-papers thankfully received.
N. B. Job Printing and Sign Painting neatly executed at the above place.
J. NEEDHAM.

The New-York Mirror, *A Repository of Polite Literature and the Fine Arts; embellished with splendid Engravings on Steel, Copper, and Wood, and with Popular Music for the Pianoforte, Guitar &c.*
G. P. MORRIS, T. S. FAY, N. P. WILLIS, Editors.

THE FIRST NUMBER of a *New Year* (Vol 10.) will be issued on the *seventh day of July next.*
From the commencement of this paper, our humble endeavors have been unceasingly exerted to elevate the character of American Periodical Literature, and we trust we have not been altogether unsuccessful.
Our columns have been, and will continue to be, principally filled with *original* matter.
Besides the writings of the Editors, we are honored with occasional contributions from a list of *nearly two hundred native Authors*, which embraces many of the most distinguished and highly gifted literary men of the land.
In addition to our *Foreign Correspondence*, important sources are open to us for selections.
The flattering and general testimonials of writers, scholars, and cotemporary journals, on both sides of the Atlantic, warrant us in the assertion that there is no work which gives such valuable equivalents for the amount of subscription, or which possess more strong and undeniable claims to the efficient support of the American people.
Its steady and marked improvement, furnishes a satisfactory pledge that its progress, in every department, will continue to keep pace with the increase of its already extensive circulation. We have received the certain and gratifying evidences that it is read and improved by the most intelligent classes throughout the U. States.
ENGRAVINGS.—The Embellishments for the Tenth Volume will be of the most *costly* and *beautiful* kind, consisting of full sized Super-Royal Quarto Plates, executed expressly for the work, by the best Artists. Besides the *Vignette*, there will be four superb Engravings issued during the year, which, if published separately, would alone equal the amount of subscription to the Mirror. As a guarantee for the excellence of this department, it has been placed under the direction of Mr. R. W. Weir.
In addition to the above, there will be published a number of finely executed *Engravings on Wood*, also drawn and engraved for the work, and illustrative of curious and interesting subjects.
MUSIC.—Each number of the ensuing Volume will contain a popular piece of *Music*, arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte, Harp, Guitar, &c. At the expiration of the year, these form a valuable collection of *the most choice and rare pieces*, which, although occupying little more than one-sixteenth part of the work, could not be purchased in any other way, except at a cost far greater than that of the entire journal.
LITERARY CONTENTS.—Among a variety of other subjects, the work is devoted to Critical Notices of new publications, the Arts and Sciences, Scientific Intelligence, The Fine Arts—Music, Poetry, and Painting, Original Tales and Essays, Foreign Correspondence—First Impressions of Europe, &c. Legends and Reminiscences of old times in New-York, The Little Genius—satirical, humorous, and pathetic. American Scenery, Biography, Education, Character, Strictures on the Drama and other Amusements, Translations from the German, French, and Spanish, occasional selections from late publications, Record of passing events, Original Miscellany, Anecdotes—historical, literary, humorous, etc. Varieties—etc. etc. etc. In short, every thing which can enhance the value of the paper, and render it agreeable, instructive, and interesting.
By the above enumeration, it will be perceived that the plan of the Mirror embraces every subject within the range of the *fine arts* and the *belles-lettres*, and no expense will be spared to render it equal to any other publication extant.
CONDITIONS.—The Mirror is published every Saturday, at the corner of Nassau and Ann streets. It is elegantly printed in the super-royal quarto form, on fine paper, with brevier and nonpareil type. It is embellished, once every three months, with a *splendid super-royal Engraving*, and every week with a popular piece of music, arranged for the Pianoforte, Harp, Guitar, &c. Fifty-two numbers complete a volume of four hundred and sixteen large pages, for which a beautifully *engraved vignette title page*, (painted by Weir and engraved by Durand,) and a copious *index* are furnished. The terms are *four dollars* per annum, payable in all cases, *in advance*. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of the city of N. York. Communications, *post paid*, must be addressed to the Editors. No subscriptions received for a less period than one year.
Subscriptions received by PEABODY & CO 219 Broadway.

Commission and Exchange OFFICE, 130 BROADWAY. S. J. SYLVESTER continues to discount Notes on all the Banks throughout the United States, the Canadas, England and Ireland. He purchases and sells Bank of England Notes, as also Gold and Silver of all kinds. Notes, Drafts, &c. payable in any part of the States or Europe, collected on most reasonable terms. Commission business in all its branches, by S. J. SYLVESTER.

S. D. CHILDS, *Engraver on Wood, No. 67 Liberty-street,* NEW-YORK.

WM. MATTHEWS, manufacturer of WALKING CANES, in all its branches, at No. 2 Liberty-street. N. B. Canes mounted on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice. 23tf

Bignall's Prize Office, 144 Broadway. ☞All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 144 Broadway, where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms. Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

REMOVAL. THE Subscriber having removed from the Union Coffee House, 43 William street, to the more desirable location of the Washington Coffee House, solicits the continuance and patronage of his former friends and customers, who may rely upon his wonted exertions to give general satisfaction. The bar is provided with the best of wines and liquors omnifarious. Coffee, Tea, and refreshments to be had at all hours. Wm. HIGG, 25 Nassau St.

THE MIRROR OF TASTE, AND WEDNESDAY MORNING FAMILY MISCELLANY. *A Literary Paper, devoted to Science, Morality, Natural History, Agriculture, &c. &c. Price $2. per annum, payable in advance.*
Francis G. Fish, New-York, } *Agents.*
Andrew Dickinson, do. }
Address, (Post Paid,) H. DICKINSON & T. A WORRALL, *Whitehall Printing Office, Philadelphia.*

Edwards on Revivals. A NEAT and Handsome Edition on fine linen paper, 1 vol. 8vo. with a full general index, and a portrait of the author. A fresh supply of Writing paper, Letter and Cap, Folio Post, Wrapping paper large and small, with a good assortment of *Stationary* at Wholesale and Retail, at the lowest Cash prices, for sale by DUNNING & SPALDING, 60 William Street.

A. COX, Jr. STEAM SCOURER, 80 CEDAR STREET, ONE DOOR FROM BROADWAY. WHERE, he respectfully informs his friends and the public, he continues to *Dye, scour and repair Clothes* at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. New collars, cuffs and buttons, neatly put on coats. Orders punctually attended to in any part of the city. Cash given for cast clothes. jl1 4

N. Y. Standard News Room. THE NEWS ROOM attached to the New-York Standard is now open at the Publishing Office of the Paper, No. 40 Wall Street, directly opposite the Merchants Exchange.
The Room is airy and spacious, and will be furnished with the Daily Papers of this city, with papers from every State and Territory in the Union, together with London, Liverpool, Paris, Havre, South American, and West India Newspapers, and Prices Current.
Several of the most popular Periodicals of this country, and Europe, will be regularly laid upon the table.
TERMS.
Yearly Advertisers to the N. Y Standard, Free.
Daily Subscribers to the do. $4 pr ann.
Non-Subscribers to the do. $5 pr ann.
Subscribers will have the privilege of introducing to the Room their friends, non-residents of the city. Payment will be expected semi-annually, *in advance.*
Masters of vessels and Officers of the army and navy, are invited to a free use of the Room.
The Room will be opened (daily) from 9 o'clock A. M. to 9 o'clock, P. M.
In submitting the above terms to the Public, we take occasion to state that a Subscription Book is now at the office, No. 40 Wall street; and that our best efforts shall be used to render the establishment worthy of Patronage. The Reading Room is completely fitted up, and is on a more extensive scale than any thing of the Union.
A careful person will have it in charge, under such regulations as may be thought most conducive to the interest of the subscribers, and the information of strangers. Gentlemen of the Army and Navy, will find more full files of the city and distant journals, than can elsewhere be met with; and masters of vessels will have an opportunity of consulting our Daily Bulletins, as well as the papers published at the several ports to which they belong.
The nature of the political contest in which we have been engaged, and the necessity under which we have labored of publishing speeches on the great topics of the day, and voluminous public documents, both of which the past year has been singularly prolific, have combined to prevent that attention to our Commercial department, to which our education, our disposition, and our location, seemed more specially to prompt. Encouraged as we have recently been, we shall be better able hereafter to devote time and means to the great object we have in view—the permanent establishment of a Journal, not to be surpassed in any department, by any of our cotemporaries. To every incentive to accomplish our purpose, we hope to add a full share of zeal and industry in our vocation, trusting to time and our efforts, for success, and pledging ourselves to be as fearless, frank and independent on all topics, as we have hitherto been.

FOUR VALUABLE WATER PRIVILEGES, *for Sale*, within forty miles of the city of New-York, and three and a half from the Hudson river, on the west side, in the town of Haverstraw, in the county of Rockland. The privileges are great and will be sold a bargain. They are on the same stream that Messrs. Phelps and Peck's wire and cotton factories are, and on which they are now building extensive rolling and slitting mills, and but about a mile and a half above—And about a mile above, and on the same stream, on which the late John Glass & Co.'s Calico Printing establishment stands. The water privileges are great, and will be sold in lots to suit purchasers, with fifty or a hundred acres of the land—or even four hundred acres if wanted, of which the farm consists, of wood, plough, and meadow land in proportion. On it are orchards which abound with various kinds of fruit; and there are three dwelling houses, three barns, sheds, [illegible] houses, a blacksmith's shop, [illegible]. The stream is a never failing [illegible] abundance of power, and [illegible] few situations surpass. There are now two dams across the stream on which [illegible] sawmill and forge now stand.
Also, for sale, a valuable tract of wood land two and a half miles from the above water privileges. All or part of the above property is offered for sale a bargain, and on advantageous terms. For further particulars apply to the subscriber on the premises. JOHN THIELL.
Haverstraw, June 4, 1832.

THE SERAPHINE, A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, INVENTED BY CHARLES G. CHRISTMAN, ***No. 398 Pearl-Street.*** AFTER a long time of uninterrupted perseverance, this extraordinary instrument is introduced to the public in its present very gratifying perfection. The Seraphine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, or an Organ in miniature, peculiarly adapted for domestic use; but it is not necessarily confined to domestic purposes; it is sufficiently powerful for small churches. It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost possible delicacy of diminuendo and crescendo, from the soft sighing of the Æolian harp to the grandeur and majesty of the full choir, in a degree of excellence never yet claimed by any other instrument. Such an instrument, independently of its novelty, cannot fail to be valuable to any performer on the pianoforte or organ.
N. B. At Mr. Christman's Music store may be procured, eight key'd Flutes, Accordians, Pocket and Kent bugles, for which he has been honored with the first premium of the American Institute, also Guitars, Violins, Military and other Instruments; Music, which he has just published for the Guitar; the beautifull song Green Hills of Tyrol, as sung by Mrs. Austin in the Opera of Cinderella, with three new Waltzes composed by O. Torp, and to be continued in numbers. Strings, and every article appertaining to the Music business.

TEMPLE OF HYGEIA, 495 *Pearl-street, Between Chatham-st. and Broadway.*—Dr. ANDREW.—Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, Student of the University of Edinburgh, and [illegible] a Medical Officer in different Marine Hospitals, &c. &c.—Where he has had ample opportunity of witnessing the practice of the most experienced of the faculty, together with his own observations during the last twenty years, the greater portion of which has been spent in this quarter of the globe, continues to give his advice for diseases of a *Delicate Nature.* [illegible] He does not deem it necessary to offend the feelings of modesty by recapitulating (as is too generally the case in public advertisements) the various forms of these baneful maladies—the meaning of which is too well understood by all concerned to need further explanation. Dr. Andrew warns the public against the *Abuse of Mercurials.* He is convinced by long experience, that most of the Chronic affections, generally supposed to be the relics of the disease, are merely the effects of a long continued course of *Mercury.*—Thousands have been restored to health, after years of suffering through the misapplication of that *Poisonous Drug*, by conforming to the *plan of Treatment* of Dr. A.—which plan has been founded on the instruction received from the Imperial Abernethy, in London. Recent affections *cured* in a very short time without a grain of *Mercury.* All cases undertaken will be guaranteed to be effectually and permanently healed. ☞Medicines will be sent to any part of the country, by persons writing [illegible] the disease, and enclosing a reasonable fee. [illegible] Hygeian Medicines of [illegible] had at the Temple Office. *,* *Letters must be post paid.* 8i af

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK, IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO No. 35 WALL-STREET, ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.
TERMS OF PUBLICATION AND ADVERTISING.
Subscribers paying yearly in ADVANCE, $3.00
At the expiration of six months, 4.00
At the expiration of the year, 5.00
QUARTERLY in advance, per quarter, 1.00
No Subscriptions received for less than six months.
Orders and Advertisements for this paper, must be accompanied with Cash or a city Reference—postage paid. Gentlemen procuring five subscribers, will be furnished with the paper gratis, or retain a commission of 15 per cent.
Yearly ADVERTISERS, paper included, $20.00
Advertisements per square, first insertion, [illegible]
Do. Do. second do. [illegible]
Do. Do. longer inserted, [illegible]
Yearly Advertisers are required to settle half yearly.

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE A[illegible]
BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
35 WALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 23, 1832.

ITEMS.

ORIGINAL, STOLEN & FOREIGN—BESIDES OTHERS.

Our dearly beloved brother Jones, of the P. Patriot, says we're *pretty cute* at an "item"—Ditto—by the way, he is "a klevver dog and phunne poet."

The Baltimore Visiter contains the best selections of any paper we wot of—except the Philadelphia Shield—and some few others; we never "come the queer" over these chaps—it's no go.

A Philadelphia print has a *very peculiar* way of *snatching* wood cuts from a London paper, and inserting them as original—they are so indeed, resembling them as a hen does a pig—"we're not so *green*."

Another one says he has 12,000 subscribers—"What'll you lay 'tis a—*fact*."

A Canada Editor lately sent us a lithographic sketch of a Porker weighing 1379 lbs. We were in doubt at first, whether brother Dalton wished to convey us by so fit an emblem, a representation of his or our success—we here laughed and so grown fat, but as our friends assure us there is not in our *two countenances* the slightest "family resemblance," we have concluded br. D. must look *for all the world* like a "long-tail'd pig," and weighs 1379 lbs. Crikey! what a *baste!*

We are indebted to the Camden Journal for several of the following items—but friend Daniels, don't imagine we intend paying for them—Ned Purdy and Hugh Moore will "use 'em up" by way of reprisal, for we *sort of took a small few of theirs* one day—but don't mention it.

The above makes so clever an "item" we've half a mind to give friend Howe a slap—he only *nabbed* an indefinite number of ours lately, say 15 or so—he's not *particklar* any way.

Some of the newspapers are trying to show off their poor opposition to item-making. The Editors seem disposed to disparage the business, in their own persons; and, to tell the truth, most of them are tolerably successful in the experiment; for, to say nothing of precept, they are most superlatively dull and doltish in the example. N. B. This and the following items are intended for patterns; this one being too long, and the other exactly of the right length. Look at it and see.

The "item" business appears to be running emptyings.

Mr. James Hogg, of somewhere in North Carolina was lately married to Miss Mary Woollen.

The above item in some hands, would be punned upon; but we despise such things. What right have we to talk about more cry than wool in undertaking to shear a hog?

The Editor of the Salisbury Journal has lately seen a steam bed-bug machine, which kills those cannibals with amazing facility. The inventor of this machine will be hailed hereafter as second only to Fulton.

A turtle, so large that the finder of it rode into town upon its back, was lately found at "Evett's creek, near Cumberland." We are not able to say *what* Cumberland, no county or state being given, but there can be no doubt that this turtle is a grand-son of the old fellow that the world used to stand upon.

Some blackguard lately threw a horse-shoe from the gallery into the Senate Chamber, which came very near hitting the head of the Hon. Mr. Poindexter. Such ironical pugnacity towards that grave body ought by all means to be discountenanced. How did the wretch know but the Senator had an utter disrelish for cold iron in any form?

An item interpolated by the devil.—Mr. Poindexter had just been *bewitched* into the commission of matrimony with a New-England sorceress, and the horse-shoe was merely intended to keep off any future spell.

A Mr. M'Clung, of Maysville, Tenn. is the author of "Camden, a Tale of the South." He is about to publish another work, and we pray heaven it may be a better one.

MYSTERIOUS.—On Saturday morning, at the house of a Noble Earl in London, a marriage was celebrated between a very young couple, in the most private manner possible. The circumstances appear very mysterious, and have created much gossip.

A daily communication, by Estafette, is likely at length to take place between London and Paris.

NATURAL HISTORY.—The earliest account we have of the singing of the cuckoo in the neighborhood of London this season was in Wimbledon Park, on the morning of Tuesday the 17th of April; and the first recorded song of the nightingale was heard from the royal gardens at Kew on the night of Sunday the 22d of April.

A gentleman of Thirsk, Yorkshire, has at this time a cat suckling and bringing up four fox cubs, which she attends with the greatest parental solicitude.

Macfarren once produced a piece at the Adelphi, (then the Sans Pareil,) which was very nearly damned through a ridiculous, though a very natural blunder. One of the characters had to exclaim, "What, do I see *an eddy* whirling on the wave?" The performer with the utmost coolness said, "What do I see? *a neddy* whirling on the wave?" The audience tittered, and on every subsequent representation the line was altered to "What do I see? a whirling eddy on the wave!"

WHALE CHASE.—On Wednesday week, the island of Lewis, one of the Hebrides, was visited by a large shoal of whales. They were driven on shore, after much exertion, by the crews of a number of fishing boats, who succeeded in killing no less than 98 of the fish, in the presence of almost the whole population of the thriving little town of Stornoway. A young man received a stroke from the tail of one of the largest fish, and is not expected to recover. An annual visit is generally paid by the whales to the Lewis coast.

His Majesty William IV. gave a grand dinner to the Jockey Club, at St. James Palace, on the 16th of May.

The Ettrick Shepherd has written, since 1813, fifteen volumes of poetry and as many volumes of prose, besides his contributions to periodical publications. He was 40 years of age before he wrote his first poem.

A WORD TO THE LADIES.—The last new fashionable bonnet is the exact model of a custard-cup, with a bulrush stuck on it by way of a feather.

A FORTNIGHT'S "DOINGS" IN PARIS.—A Paris paper gives the following summary of proceedings in the French capital during the first fortnight of April: Proceedings against the press, 9; condemnations, 6; seizures of newspapers, 8; bankruptcies and meetings of creditors, 104; sales of property by authority of the courts of law, 120; days of riots, 5; days of iniquity and misery, 9; days of happiness, 0.

Strawberries in our market yesterday brought 25 cents a quart. That was too much; but they were good, and some of them nearly as large as a New-York strawberry basket.—*Phil. U. S. Gaz.*

[If this supercilious individual had seen the two Irishmen wheeling in a barrow from Swan's garden that over-ripe white strawberry, yesterday, he would hardly, we fancy, have ventured on this fling. Commerce and the culture of strawberries have kept equal pace here, and in both equally excelled all other cities. A gentleman dining at Delmonico's does not order *strawberries* at his dessert—he asks for a piece of one, and eats it with iced cream.

Our cherries, too, are as much improved in size as in flavor: an operative tariff-man, carrying home one under his arm from Fulton market last night, was knocked down and robbed of the fruit by nine British agents. The police have found no trace of them as yet.]—*Standard.*

HEREDITARY HONORS.

A TALE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

CHAPTER II. THE MEETING.

"As it fell upon a day."

There is a certain country, not very far distant from our own: in a certain small town close to the metropolis of this country, there once lived a certain young lady, of the name of Laura. She was the daughter and sole heiress of an honest gentleman—an attorney at law—and was particularly addicted to novels and falling in love. One day she was walking in the woods, in a pensive manner, observing how affectionate the little birds were to each other, and thinking what a blessing it was to have an agreeable lover—when, leaning against an elm tree, she perceived a young man, habited in a most handsome dress, that seemed a little too large for him, and of that peculiar complexion—half white, half yellow—which custom has dedicated to romance. He wore his long, dark locks, sweeping over his forehead—and fixing his eyes intently on the ground, he muttered thus to himself—

"Singular destiny! fearful thought! Shall I resist it!—shall I fly? No! that were unworthy of the name I bear! For four hundred years my forefathers have enjoyed their honors—not a break in their lineage—shall I be the first to forfeit this hereditary distinction? Away the thought!"

The young gentleman walked haughtily from the tree, and just before him he saw Miss Laura, fixing her delighted eyes upon his countenance, and pleasing herself with the thought that she saw before her an Earl Marshal, or a grand Falconer at the least. The young man stood still, so also did the young lady,—the young gentleman stared, and the young lady sighed. "Fair creature!" quoth the youth, throwing out his arm, but in somewhat a violent and abrupt manner, as if rather striking a blow than attempting a courteous gesture.

Full of the becoming terror of a damsel of romance, Laura drew herself up, and uttered a little scream.

"What!" said the youth, mournfully, "do *you* too, fear me?"

Laura was affected almost to tears—the youth took her hand.

I shall not pursue this interview farther—the young people were in love at first sight—a curious event, that has happened to all of us in our day, but which we never believe happens to other people. What man allows another man to have had any *bonnes fortunes*? Yet, when we see how the saloons of the theatres are filled by what must once have been *bonnes fortunes*, the honor must be confessed to be of rather a vulgar description! But what am I doing? Not implying a word against the virtue of Miss Laura. No, the attachment between her and the unknown was of the most Platonic description. "They met again and oft;" and oh, how devotedly Laura loved the young cavalier! She was passionately fond of rank:—it seldom happens in the novels liked by young ladies that a lover is permitted to be of less rank than a peer's son—smaller people are only brought in to be laughed at—odd characters—white-stockinged quidnuncs—fathers who are to be cheated—brothers to be insulted: in short, the great majority of human creatures are Russell-squared into a becoming degree of ludicrous insignificance. Accordingly, to Miss Laura, a lover must necessarily be nothing of a Calicot—and she reflected with indescribable rapture on the certainty of having a gallant whose forefathers had enjoyed something four hundred years in the family! But what was that something? She was curious—she interrogated her lover as to his name and rank. He changed color, he bit his lip, and thrust both hands into his breeches-pockets. "I cannot tell you what I am," said he: "No! charming Laura, forgive me—one day you will know all."

"Can he be the King's eldest son?" said Laura to herself. After all, this mystery was very delightful. She introduced the young gentleman to her father.

"Ah!" quoth the former, squeezing the Attorney's hand, "your family have been good friends to mine."

"How," cried the attorney, "are we then acquainted? May I crave your name, sir?"

The lover looked confused—he mumbled out some excuse—just at present, he had reasons for wishing it concealed. Our unknown had a long military nose—he looked like a man who might have shot another in a duel.

"Aha!" said the attorney winking; and lowering his voice, "I smell you, sir, you have killed your man, eh?"

"Ha!" cried the stranger; and slapping his forehead wildly, he rushed out of the room.

CHAPTER III. THE LAWYER MATCHED.

It was now clear: the stranger had evidently been a brave transgressor of the law; perhaps an assassin, certainly a victorious single combatant. This redoubled in Laura's bosom the interest she had conceived for him. There is nothing renders a young lady more ardent in her attachment than the supposition that her lover has committed some enormous crime. Her father thought he might make a good thing out of his new acquaintance. He resolved to find out if he was rich—if rich, he could marry him to his daughter; if poor, he might as well inform against him, and get the reward. An attorney is a bow,—a crooked thing with two strings in it. It was in the wood that the lawyer met the stranger. The stranger was examining a tree. "Strong, strong," muttered he, "yes, it is worth buying."

"Are you a judge of trees, sir?" quoth the attorney.

"Hum—yes, of a pecul
"Have you much timbe
"A great deal," replied
"Of the best kind?"
"It is generally used fo
"Oh, good deal!" The
cannot," said he archly
yourself: your rank is a
"Good Heavens!"
"Yes, my daughter says
of your hereditary dis
years it has existed in yo
"It has indeed!"
"And does the propert
business go with it?"
"Yes! the Governmen
"Oh, a pension; hered
"You say it."
"Ah 'tis the way wi
said the lawyer to hims
the public."
"What's that he mu
inly exclaimed the stran
"It is from our tax
drawn," continued the la
"Drawn, sir?" cried th
"And if it be not th
me?" concluded the lawy
"You!" faltered the
hands: "horrible suppo

CHAP
ENLIGHTENE
"You will really m
Laura," said the strang
handkerchief.
Laura blushed. "Y
and—and you will alwa
tell me who you are."
"After our marriag
somewhat discompos
"No! now—now,"
He was silent.
"Come I will get it
eldest son."
"Indeed I am," sig
"You have answere
"Alas! yes!"
"It descends to yo
"It does!"
"You have a—a—th
"Assuredly."
"Convince me of t
had been listening u
that is yours—let you
dred times over!"
"Wonderful liber
enthusiastically, and
lawyer's fist.

CH
CIRCUMSTA
The stranger wor
The mystery about
and marvel of the pe
he had taken up his
about him in the ki
boors wondering
capital, who was
came into the kitche
was not ready.
"It is a beautif
ing it up.
"What next?"
"It is lined with
and she placed her
"Ha!" said the
the coat of the Mar
it myself."
"It is out!" cri
man is a Marquis
Laura will be!"
"What's that, si
really the Marque
landlady. "John
Lordship."
"Impossible!"
on the fresh egg
and while he laid
lifted his eyes to
quess has been

THE
"Good heavens
yer, as he dismis
"I am very mu
I was just going
tleman who had
Laura burst in
be a Vampire!"
Meanwhile the
his parlor; a gr
hastily way on h
whom he was a
chin, uttered a
"The Devil
piciously round
"Known! y
boots. "The M
"Sacre bleu
the parlor in a
He walked up
"Curse on the
ditary customs
the poison of
I shall lose her
not yet; I will
the intelligen
me—go off!
off before?"
To avoid th
ger dropped t
the lawyer's
garden—she
gotten her po
fered his own
ronet, worke
"T. P."
"Ah! it
the—the
her voice
"Damna
With gr
word, "H
"It is all
a terrible g
"Oh!
unfortunate
ing been ha
worth much

TH
It was
hour after
cats and
walking o
try town
vehicles t
"In vai
vain have
parsons
will be
rood soon
here the
rest of h
for a she
little sm